

# THE MIRROR MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL, 1849.

## THE CHAMPIONS OF PRIVILEGE.

"Write me down an ass."—*Dogberry* (Macfarlane.)

WE have to warn our readers of an impending calamity. A civil war is imminent in the country. The oppressed and aggrieved Protectionists have determined on a revolution. Bennet, Higham, Ball, and Cheatham are their leaders, and they have resolved to endure their wrongs no longer. And with such mighty men to lead them, why should they?—why do they lie down and patiently allow us to bruise their heads? "Why, indeed?" they respond—"we will lie down no longer; so look to it. If," say they, "we cannot persuade the people to pay us our millions, and our tens of millions, to allow us to defraud them of thirty or forty shillings in every quarter of wheat—if they will not consent to buy half a loaf where they now buy a whole one, why we will rise—we will march upon the enemy's encampment, and with 'our mighty right arm' will we secure the victory."

Mighty right arm of the Protectionists! We understand that Richmond—the able, wise, statesmanlike, and witty Richmond, the friend of the fraudulent, the buckler of the landed interest, is their head, who, then, is their arm—Bennet?—he cannot string together five words of decent English. Higham?—his intellect is not sufficient to carry him through a speech. Cheatham?—he knows nothing of anything but malt and malt liquor. Then it is Ball. He, with his "valour," his "mighty right arm," and unflinching perseverance will wield the weapon of Protection. So, as they declared at Willis's Rooms, if they cannot secure a victory by moral force, they will employ physical means, barricades, pikes, cannon, and muskets, drilling and marching upon London. It therefore behoves us all to beware, for Richmond and the tenant farmers are not to be despised. Give them high prices, starve the people, fill the gaols and work-houses, and the Protectionists will give us quarter. Otherwise not a free-trader shall be spared. Cobden and all his followers will perish in the indiscriminate slaughter. The Free-Trade Clubhouse shall be rased to the ground; all the free-trade papers shall be burnt, and Temple-bar shall once more be graced with the heads of the people's friends.

In fact, it is absurd to allow the interests of the whole nation to weigh for a moment against the interests of those heavy and jolly tenant farmers, against those titled gentlemen, who grow so fat upon plunder. It is lowering the dignity of the aristocracy to take from it the means of gambling and leading a life of luxury and profligacy. Why should a despicable pauper be considered? The wretches that crowd our unions and gaols have the audacity, the incredible insolence, to pretend that they, too, forsooth, have a right to share in the benefits and blessings of this world! They even go so far as to say that they are made of the same flesh and blood as the oligarchy. Some, it is rumoured, although the fact is scarcely to be believed, have been guilty of the unparalleled

presumption of declaring that a duke has no right to bathe in a silver bath, or eat peaches at a guinea a-piece, while some dirty pauper is dying in the gutter for lack of a mouthful of bread.

But they are not the only men who intend to kindle a blaze of civil war in these islands. Brougham the renegade, Guizot the servile, and a host of slaves, with—meanest among them—Macfarlane and some gentlemen of the press, have undertaken a crusade against the popular cause. So that there is likely to be a season of trouble in this empire. All the chivalry of Protection, all the best and bravest among the enemies of liberty, are arraying themselves in arms, and with such a man as Macfarlane among them, their defeat appears to be matter of serious doubt.

"But who is this Mr. Macfarlane?" the reader inquires. The question is somewhat difficult to answer, since more than one rumour is afloat concerning him. One fact, however, is certain, he has written a book, and appears to be very fond of the King of Naples—that amiable butcher of whom we have had occasion before now to speak. Now Macfarlane resided at Naples for a few days, and with wonderful facility appears, during that brief period, to have rendered himself acquainted with every fact and every person connected with the politics of the Continent. The result of his inquiries is that all kings, dukes, and titled persons are immaculate, and that every one who entertains the least friendship for the people is a rogue, a dishonest and unprincipled anarchist; in fact, a "fellow,"—under which term our author comprehends everything that is sordid, mean, selfish; everything that is vile, corrupted, and depraved. As for him himself, he never condescends to speak to any one below the rank of a baronet, his circle being composed of the highest notabilities of Naples, who happen to have taken a strong dislike to Lord Palmerston, because he will not lick the dust at the feet of emperors and kings, and the opinion of two foreign princes being of course preferable to that of an English viscount, Mr. Macfarlane moulds his language accordingly.

Unfortunately, however, for his cause, as well as for his reputation, Mr. Macfarlane has no ability, and has failed to write an amusing book. A dull romance, however immoral, will not be read, and a stupid book, however flattering to privilege, will be treated with contemptuous neglect. When we, therefore, do the author the honour to speak of his production, it is not because he is dangerous; not because we fear that anything he says will be listened to; not because there is any chance of his work exerting an influence on the bluntest intellect. Far from it. Our readers may, perhaps, wish to hear something about the fawners and flatterers of royalty, those snakes in the grass who twist about the feet of nobility, and because the people look on them with scorn exert all their poor powers of revenge, and call the people "fellows."

One of two things is true of Mr. Macfarlane: either he is very wise or very simple. If he is wise he has so cloaked his wisdom that not the acutest reader can discover a vestige of it in the two prosy volumes of which we speak, and as for his simplicity it is apparent in every page. In fact, he has a false idea of himself. He has deluded himself into the notion that he is an oracle; which would not be so wonderful if he did not at the same time fancy that all the world also will consent to consider him as such. This causes him to express his opinions with the most pompous impudence. He says it, and it must be right; and any one who dares to dispute it is an ignorant "fellow," and knows nothing whatever about the matter. For instance, the patriots of Italy, he tells us, are runagates. We are to take his word first—and his word, supported as it is by the testimony of so many "illustrious friends," is worth the word of any twelve men the world ever produced. "The Liberals all over Italy, from south to north," he says, "all the newspapers" are of a different way of thinking; but that is no matter, Macfarlane has declared it, and Macfarlane is sure to be right; for he has shaken hands with more than one prince, two or three dukes, and nearly five generals at Naples—therefore let no one dispute it.

One specimen of this gentleman's wisdom is very remarkable. When he

describes the May insurrection, he tells us it was a pitiful affair, a mere street row, and that from the first there could have been no possibility that the popular movement would succeed even for a day. When, however, he comes to Ferdinand's achievements he expatiates with servile flattery on his undaunted courage, his admirable decision, his firmness, his promptitude, and the energy he displayed in crushing the rebellion and routing the insurgents. It was "dastardly," he says, of the Liberals to be defeated. Our author is a man of a peculiar character. Luckily for him he has, through the force of genius, eradicated from his breast every feeling of charity for the poor, every sentiment for the humble and oppressed. Nothing short of a prince can excite his sympathies. He could with calmness and stolidity gaze upon a man—that is to say, a poor, common, vulgar man, a "fellow"—writhing in the agonies of death in a kennel; he could see him fainting for want of a mouthful of bread; he could see him driven from his house by the tax-gatherer, and deprived of every civil and political right, trodden down like a worm, and degraded to the condition of a slave. There would be nothing in all that. Common people have no right to sympathy. If, indeed, they were to share in it there would be scarcely enough left for aristocracy to enjoy.

When, however, Mr. Macfarlane comes to speak of—to use his own words—"elevated rank in distress," or "princes struggling with pecuniary difficulties," then indeed are his feelings roused; then he pours forth a stream of pathos; then he indulges in all the cant of pity, enough to bring tears into the eyes of every reader who is not hard-hearted enough to split his sides with laughter, or smile in silent contempt as he runs his eye over the heavy page. Ah! there is nothing in the world like a man of title to awaken Mr. Macfarlane's gentler feelings, which are far too refined to descend upon vulgar heads. So enthusiastic, indeed, is his sympathy that it makes him forget decency, when he explodes in a tirade against the "patriots" of Sicily. "Ruffian," "brigand," "conspirator," are the least gentle of his terms; a liberal speech is characterised as "atrocious," and "impudent;" while no term of adulation and servility is soft enough to lay at the foot of a tyrant like him of Naples.

It has been hinted that Mr. Macfarlane would not fare so well if his majesty of Naples were not so amply provided with revenue; it has been hinted that he has strong interest in that amiable monarch. We do not believe this rumour; no one but a "fellow" would believe it. But supposing it to be based on truth, then, we say, we regret having said a word about the author of "*A Glance at Revolutionised Italy*"—we say we should regret having said a word about him; for, speaking at all, we could not do otherwise than speak of him with scorn and contempt—we are ashamed that he is a fellow subject with us: we should blush for the national character if we believed that the nations of the Continent could derive one idea of us from the writings of such a man as Mr. Macfarlane. For the honour of the country, however, be it said, that his book has met with almost universal ridicule and disapprobation. The most charitable thing would be, perhaps, to let it alone, to let it lie in the oblivion to which the public will consign it, and to let its author repent—as he must bitterly repent, if the smiles of a few Neapolitan nobles do not sweeten the thought for him—that silly act which has brought him to be laughed at by every sensible reader throughout the kingdom.

Charitable though it might be, however, to allow this "*Glance at Revolutionised Italy*" to lie covered with dust and unopened, still it is sometimes necessary to expose the vagaries and the ignorance of a writer like Mr. Macfarlane, who takes upon himself to arraign the truth of every statement which has made its appearance in French, Italian, or English newspapers. He denies what Lord Palmerston tells us is a fact; and need we say how long it would be before such a scribe could induce us to credit him in preference to our noble foreign secretary? "Oh, fabulous journalists!" he exclaims—"Oh, mendacious newspaper correspondents!" He is speaking of Messina, and informs us that he is prepared to deny *in toto* everything and anything put forward by these enemies

of truth. No matter what they may chose to say, Macfarlane knows better—and everybody will give ear to Macfarlane.

One fact mentioned by our author, and which seems to excite in him considerable surprise, appears to us the most natural thing in the world. He says there are no noblemen among the patriots of Messina! No noblemen?—no aristocrats?—no privileged persons? Nothing could be more natural. Nobleman and patriot are seldom synonymous, as most of our readers will confess. To be sure we have seen instances, and read of many examples, of noblemen working for the good of their country; but then, as a general rule, it is the people who are constrained to revolutionise by the rapacity and insolence of the nobles. We, in England, nursed in the lap of liberty, and accustomed to look upon freedom as our birthright, do not possess a sufficiently clear idea of nobility as it existed on the Continent previously to the insurrections of last year. There for the most part ruler meant despot; aristocrat, robber; and loyalty a vile subservience to tyranny.

We pity Mr. Macfarlane—he never got a decent or comfortable dinner during the whole of his stay at Naples. Well, there is some reason for his hatred of the people. Poor man! Accustomed, we should infer, to good cheer, he considered the liberty dearly bought which spoiled his dinner. There we can sympathise with him; but we cannot so easily consent to lay the fault at the door of the Liberal party. They, we dare say, nourished no hatred of our author; most probably they had never heard of him, and could not, therefore, be accused of spitefully spoiling his dinner. There is a certain malice in Mr. Macfarlane's observations which does him considerable injury, for the reader cannot fail to perceive that something different from public spirit animates him. Nobles and Swiss soldiers alone seem to be admired by him. Most of his noble acquaintances, however, are expressed by initials—we may, therefore, be permitted to doubt, if not to disbelieve, their existence. If, however, our author did mingle with the privileged rabble of Naples, all we can say is that he was fit company for them. With regard to the Swiss soldiers, who have no nationality, and will lend their swords to the most liberal master, whoever he may be, we can only observe that there is a class of writers who may be termed the Swiss of literature. To them Mr. Macfarlane belongs, and the only wonder is that a man who evinces so un-English a spirit should be so faithful to his "friends at Naples" as to consent to incur the contempt of his country by the manner in which he advocates their cause. His sneers at the liberal men of Italy are pitiful; his servile adulation of titles and privileges is still more offensive; and the ludicrous pomposity with which he defends the massacres and other atrocities committed by his most gracious majesty of Naples inspires us with a feeling of loathing. Our author speaks of imbecility and treachery. Who is imbecile, if he himself is not so? *Labor omnia vincit*, we are told by the Delectus. We beg leave to differ from that great authority. Mr. Macfarlane has indeed produced a laboured work, but is far from having conquered all the difficulties in his way. We may say he has failed in every respect. He has failed to write an interesting book; he has failed to make out a case for the tyrant and the nobles of Naples; he has failed to prove his assertions; he has failed to inspire us with respect for him or his patrons. In one thing, however, he has succeeded fully and completely. He has excited our pity, mingled though it be with contempt. We commiserate whilst we despise him; for what can be more despicable in literature than a man who plays the mountebank, merely to win the friendship of foreign aristocrats—who fawns upon privilege in the hope of being able to borrow some of its "lustre?"

The attack which Mr. Macfarlane ventures to make upon the press proves his courage, if it militates against his wisdom. "The liberal press in every part of Europe and America," he says, "shoals of newspapers, pamphlets, reviews, books, &c., agreed in repeating the facts connected with the revolutions of the Continent." Everything they said, however, was, according to him, false, utterly untrue. He stayed a week at Naples, and of course knew better than anybody.



He was assured by the Prince de N—; he was informed by the Duke de L—; he had it from General B—; an illustrious friend communicated it to him; a person of high rank spoke to him on the subject; my friend the cardinal (a member of a very ancient and noble family; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Will any one doubt his facts, supported as they are by such noble testimony? Assuredly not. The word of three titled personages, is it not worth more than the word of a host of unprivileged *canaille*, mere men of knowledge and education, who presume to leave their humble occupations to meddle with affairs which none has a right to meddle in save a lord or a duke?

One satisfactory fact is certain, which is that all talent is gradually withdrawing from the side of those who rank among the enemies of liberal institutions. Even Lord Brongham is rapidly wearing out. Our readers doubtless smiled at his lordship when he spoke the other day in the House of "political morality." We should have thought that rather a delicate subject for him to touch upon. Political morality and Lord Brongham have certainly very little connexion. We would advise the renegade lord to leave such matters alone. They only awaken unpleasant ideas. Macfarlane, and others of his class, of whom the public never heard much good, and never expect to hear any more, may write as much as they please. The more they write, indeed, the better. Their hostility is more valuable than their friendship, for, could they only perceive it, every word they speak in favour of an individual is an imputation against his character. Some few there are of this class in the ranks of the Liberal party, and among them is George Thompson, whom we should like to see turn Tory or Protectionist, or paid lecturer on the virtues of his majesty of Naples. He might do much good in this way by disgusting the public with the subject of his adulation.

We might prolong *ad infinitum* our strictures upon this offensive scribbler. It may be imagined by some that we have been prompted by private motives to express thus harshly our opinion of his work. No mistake can be greater. Previously to the publication of these unhappy volumes the fame of the great man had scarcely reached our ears. We had never seen him, and in spite of his gigantic books on various subjects, still we reckoned him among the insignificant and the unknown. But the present work—this "Glance at Revolutionised Italy"—these eight hundred and fifty pages of rubbish—this book, ostensibly descriptive, but in reality a mere mountain of trashy speculation—this vast concoction of absurdity and ignorance,—this, we say, will engrave his name among the celebrated, the great, and the able of this country. We envy Mr. Macfarlane. He has achieved a mighty triumph; he has written two volumes; has contrived, with wonderful cleverness, to contradict himself in almost every page; he has displayed such facility of invention; he has accumulated such a heap of abuse; he has managed to impart romance to the butchery at Naples; he has honied a royal murderer; and has let the world know that he has shaken hands with a duke. Moreover, if laughter rewards a man, Macfarlane has excited plenty of it. No clown ever appeared more ludicrous. For instance, having prepared our minds by a long rhodomontade concerning the unparalleled heroism and the almost incredible courage displayed by a young woman (of course "twice illustrious" in her sire and mother, of course of ancient blood and noble family), he proceeds to describe the marvellous example of fortitude. The lady, Donna Amelia Acquaviva, lived in a house. The house was in a street. There was a barricade in that street. The insurgents were making a demonstration against the buildings. They were driven away. Twenty Swiss soldiers, commanded by an officer (we suppose of high rank), rang the bell. Donna Amelia opened the door, for the reason that there was no one else to do it. They told her they feared that insurgents had entered the house. She gave them leave to search, for, being a noble, the company of the revolutionists was far from agreeable. The Swiss did their duty; looked into every hole and corner, and withdrew. This tale is so wonderful—the lady's heroism appears to us so marvellous; it seems almost incredible that she could venture to open

the door to twenty soldiers of her own party, that we should scarcely believe the account, did we not have it from so illustrious and unquestionable an authority as Mr. Charles Macfarlane, who has dined in aristocratic company, who quotes two words of Latin, and several lines of Italian, which write him learned. One extract we must make. Let not our readers be alarmed, they can skip it if they please, it is only a few lines:—

“Giuseppe Mazzini has told me that there was a Rome of a bloody aristocratic Republic, a Rome of the Cæsars, a Rome of the Popes, and that all this Rome was bad and damnable; but that the Rome of the people was yet to come. It is come; and about the worst wish that an enemy could bestow upon this demagogue is that he should be condemned to live in it.”

A fair specimen of Mr. Macfarlane's language. We take leave of the literary lunatic, and wish him joy of his book. If he objects to our remarks we are very sorry for it. Our only advice to him is to purchase the edition of his work, which doubtless remains with very little diminution in the publisher's hands. Having bought it, let him burn it; he may thus save a portion of his reputation, if he have any; and if not will prevent himself from acquiring one that will not do him credit.

What, therefore, with Richmond, Bennet, Higham, Ball, and Cheatham, with Brougham, Thompson, Guizot, and Macfarlane, we have numerous materials for a revolution. By all means let it at once be commenced. Let the Protectionists attack London, Liverpool, and Manchester; drive Cobden from the House of Commons, and exterminate the free-traders; let Cheatham defy the Lord Chancellor as he so valiantly declared he would; let Brougham prattle of political morality, and ride full tilt against the young Republic; let Guizot apply him to the task of extirpating the idea of democracy; let Thompson hover on the flanks of ministers, and keep spurring them about the Punjab; lastly, let Macfarlane—the great Macfarlane, the upright, well-principled, patriotic, talented, and liberal Macfarlane, maintain the contest with the whole press of Europe and America, with the good sense of the nineteenth century; with the principles of justice and equity; with all feelings of charity, good-will, and benevolence; with honour, honesty, and patriotism; let him, above all, stand by the King of Naples. We hope his patrons will remember him well for it; let him write more books, we shall thank him for so doing; for every page he produces will assist in disgusting the public with the principles he defends.

For ourselves, we are not yet tired—though the fact appears to surprise more than one writer—we say we are not yet tired of liberty, equality, and fraternity; that is to say, as we understand these terms. No one surely will be found to deny that liberty in his own case is a blessing; no one will affirm that all men are not equal in the eye of Heaven; and none, we think, will dispute that fraternity and good will are things to be desired. We are not ashamed of these opinions; and in spite of sneering remarks from individuals who understand better how to ridicule than to reason, shall maintain them.\*

\* We recommend our readers to compare the sensible, honest, and outspoken language of a new publication—*The Commonwealth*—with the stale sophistry of the reactionists. The commencement of this new undertaking is a sign that the popular idea is rapidly gaining ground in the country.

## ON A MAN WITH AN OPINION.

By W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

OPINIONS are dangerous things. Give a man your purse, but never give him your opinion. If he asks you for money he pays you the compliment of believing that you have sufficient confidence in him to favour him with a loan; but when he asks your advice he is inclined to have a laugh at your expense, or to use it against you, for he never intends to be guided by it himself. The vanity that lodges (and has the first floor) in every breast will not allow one man to think his opinion of less value than his neighbour's, yet he asks his neighbour for a commodity which he professes to admire, but which he throws away (as beggars cast away stale bread) directly he is out of sight. Therefore, if a man professes to value your advice hold him at a distance, for be certain of it he is a designing fellow, who will dupe you at the first opportunity. You may imagine, reader, that a man cannot avoid giving his opinion sometimes; now I contend that the donation of opinion is always voluntary, and, moreover, that if certain societies would state publicly that such contributions would be thankfully received, they would be compelled to construct very strong and very large chests for the reception of the gifts that would pour in from all quarters. I state this as an illustration of the blindness of human nature, for I further contend that if men understood their own personal welfare and happiness, they would prefer contributing their guinea in lieu of their opinion to any charity—a preference the recognition of which would be of infinite service to the progress of our benevolent institutions. I must explain my reasons for my assertion that opinions are always voluntary. In the first place, then, why profess to have an opinion? Is it not sufficient for you that you are able to steer your own ship? Why profess to be capable of guiding a fleet? You know very well that in a storm you can scarcely keep your own vessel afloat; why, then, seeing that you cannot at all times manage one bark, profess to have sufficient skill to conduct a fleet? Come, dive courageously into your heart, penetrate your waistcoat, shirt, between your ribs, and so on to your heart's core, and examine, then, conscientiously, whether the impulses and dictates of that beating monitor are superabundant—whether you can well spare one notion—one throb for another.

Job Thruppunts, gentleman, had many friends, and innumerable acquaintance. Mr. Thruppunts flattered himself that he knew the difference between a friend and an acquaintance. "A friend," he said, "is a person to whom a man can give a candid opinion—an acquaintance is an individual to whom you must pay some deference, and before whom you must modify any opinion you may entertain with regard to his works and actions, if the said opinion be unfavourable." In other words, Mr. Thruppunts considered that to friends he was justified in saying as many disagreeable things as he thought proper—a luxury not to be indulged in at the expense of acquaintance. This theory of perfect disregard in the presence of friends, did not contribute to heighten his popularity with them—on the contrary, it rather went to diminish the vehemence of their welcome whenever he condescended to pay them a visit. This fact may not redound to the credit of the said friends, it is true, for people will be apt to imagine that the circle wherein Mr. Thruppunts moved were an ungrateful and wrong-headed set, who did not know how to appreciate the estimable benevolence of a man who was always on the alert to tender his advice whenever any embarrassing circumstance occurred to them. But this is not so, inasmuch as the Robinsons and Joneses who were honoured with the friendship of Mr. Thruppunts, did value this gentleman's opinions on every point, so long as those opinions were in accordance with their own; but directly his intimacy, as he said, "justified him" in offering them some advice that was not either complimentary or congenial,

they discovered the fact that his mind was shallow, his experience extremely limited, and his opinions utterly worthless.

But Thruppunts was a philosopher. He did not dress dirtily and shabbily—he was not out at elbows, and badly shod, but still he was a philosopher. He propounded theories in a *Gibus* hat, and babbled metaphysics in a Chesterfield wrapper. He did not consider it to be absolutely necessary that a man of philosophic mind should wear his hair about his shoulders; neither did he attach much importance to the dignity of a dilapidated home. The philosophy of Thruppunts, in truth, included profound theories upon the necessity for creature comforts and their utility. In his mind, a philosopher might be a very clean and gentlemanly person. He was fully aware that his notions upon the subject were diametrically opposed to those of people generally, and he was prepared to bear the brunt of ridicule in support of his opinions. His friends regarded him as an eccentric person, who must be humoured. They said that he was very well so long as he refrained from telling people ill-natured things about each other, but that directly he insisted upon giving his opinions frankly and candidly, as he said, he was unbearable. Poor Thruppunts, your self-devotion was ill repaid. You thought too highly of poor humanity—you forgot that vanity is deeply rooted in all hearts, and that to wound it is to wage war with mankind. To be popular you must be deceitful. When your friend thinks he has been wronged by a third party, you too must so think; when your cousin Clara has by her own ill behaviour lost the affections of her lover, you must declare that she has been shamefully ill-treated; and when your uncle has bolted, leaving his creditors without a sixpence, you must merely be sorry that the old gentleman could be so weak. You must not give an opinion, therefore, if you can avoid it. People who ask your advice merely wish you to confirm their prefixed judgment—give them an opinion contrary to their own, and they pity your want of discernment. Yes, yes, Thruppunts, opinions are thrown away upon the world; and let me, once for all, tell you emphatically that you will never get on while you persist in giving your advice. I agree with you; it is a pity that people cannot forget their own petty self-conceit, and judge the understandings of their neighbours without comparing them with their own. The other day I asked Perriwinkle whether Dupplin had any clear views upon the principle of Income-tax; “Oh, yes,” answered Perriwinkle, “he agrees with me entirely!”

You are right, Thruppunts, we lose an inestimable advantage where our self-conceit will not allow us to give due weight to the judgment of others.

The reader will allow that I have, up to this point, confined my denunciations to the recipients of advice; and he will, I fear, regard my views as partial in the extreme, if I do not venture some remarks upon the general ignorance of men with opinions. No ignorance is so ugly as the ignorance of the self-sufficient. The sullen, unassuming manners of the illiterate peasant are inoffensive; but the assumption of learning in an empty-headed gentleman, whom you may not convict of ignorance, if you be restrained by good manners, is beyond all endurance. A fine, shiny, bald head, is of infinite service to a man with an opinion. With some people want of hair is a sure sign of profundity and experience, as though Time, while he plucked the hair from his playthings—and what are we but the dolls of the old gentleman?—invariably stuffed their skulls with wisdom. To be old is to be wise—this is a creed subscribed to by thousands. Now I beg to differ from the host who pin their faith to baldness or grey hair; not, be it observed, in a spirit of irreverence for old age, but because I venture to hold that an old man is not of necessity a wise man. Age is certainly more experienced than youth, as a general rule, and has had more time for study and reflection; but, on the other hand, it should be borne in mind that there are some who go through the world stone blind, or with heads like cullenders, retaining nothing. Furthermore, there are men who at two-and-twenty are equal in experience, and in ripeness of judgment, to the baldest head in the country. It should also be taken into consideration that the judg-

ment of the young is generally less prejudiced than that of the old. Allowing these points, it will be admitted that the twiddle of old age is often taken for the wisdom of protracted experience, while the sound reasoning of youth is despised for the supposed greenness of the reasoner. There are conceited youngsters who inseminate the unripe seed of their conceit with a prodigality only equalled by the worthlessness of the stuff they scatter; and for this reason I am of opinion that it behoves those who ask counsel (if they ask it with a legitimate end) to exercise a careful discrimination ere they accept as of value the advice of their friends. Advisers are as plentiful as blackberries. The commodity—advice, costs nothing to the dealer in it; and as he has given nothing for it, he is enabled, on the true principle of political economy, to part with it at a low rate. I should, however, earnestly caution all people to beware how they use a commodity which is notoriously adulterated.

Mr. Thruppunts (from whom I have wandered) was a gentleman with a face like a full harvest-moon—red and round. His jolly countenance, aided by a paucity of what has been forcibly called “nob-thatch,” gave its owner a certain consideration in the circles where he visited—though he invariably broke off any intimacy with his friends by the exercise of his unbiassed judicial faculties. He prided himself upon being altogether without prejudice, and invariably prefaced the delivery of his opinions by—“If you ask me for an unprejudiced opinion”—and further to impress his friends with his masculine candour, he generally conveyed the substance of his judgment in a manner neither flattering to the pride nor to the previous conviction of those who had consulted him. He invariably differed from his friends; and the consequence was that though his opinions were always required they were never acted upon. Whenever he discovered that his counsel had not been followed, he at once predicted the speedy departure of the offending party upon a visit to a certain personage not famous for the coldness of his dominions.

One day Perriwinkle called upon Mr. Thruppunts in a great hurry.

When Perriwinkle was announced to the obese sage, this gentleman was entertaining his wife with an opinion upon the course the Government ought to pursue with regard to Ireland.

“Mr. Perriwinkle wishes to see you, sir, on important business,” said the servant.

“I suppose I must see him: it’s deucedly early to call upon a gentleman. Upon my word people don’t seem to be able to transact the most trivial affairs without my advice. Show Mr. Perriwinkle into the drawing-room.”

“My dear Thruppunts, you can be of infinite service to me,” said Perriwinkle, in an agony of impatience. “You can rescue me from a most serious calamity. Natchiffe has dishonoured his bill—and they’ve come to me for it.”

“Well,” interposed Mr. Thruppunts, with an emphasis and an air of importance that he deemed due to his judicial position,—well?”

“Can’t you lend me the amount?” suggested Perriwinkle. “I’m short of money just now; and cannot raise the requisite sum: it’s a mere bagatelle to you.”

“Really, my dear Perriwinkle, at the present moment I am woefully pressed for money; but I’ll tell you what, I’ll give you—”

“What!” asked Perriwinkle, eagerly.

“My opinion upon the matter,” continued Mr. Thruppunts.

“Oh! you gave me that—it was you who advised me to accept the bill,” returned the disconsolate victim.

“Well I have but one piece of advice to add to that I have already given, Perriwinkle; and that is—”

“Yes?”

“To get the bill renewed!”



## A MIRROR FOR THE MONTHS.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

---

"You go not till I set you up a glass  
Where you may see the inmost part of you."

---

### JANUARY

HAS a tremendous cold face, all red and blue. It is ruddy with fires—comfortable with candlelight. It is the month of very long nights—clear gaslight—the postman's five o'clock bell (late) ringing in the dark—rooms warm and glowing with firelight—your fair white dinner-cloth looking luxurious and elegant in the soft yellow light of French lamps. January is the month of boys whistling out in the cold dark streets—"taters all hot"—shops all bright and open in the evenings, and bustle by gaslight—clear skies, but all icily-transparent, and marbled, and hard, and grey—snow coming down in a cloud of white flakes, falling bit by bit softly on the pavement and melting away; or, if there be a frost in the air, accumulating and thickening, till the ground becomes like a sheet of paper. There are large broadsides on the walls—great red and black letters—"Grand New Pantomime"—"Triumphant Success!" There is thick ice in the parks covered with white, and with plenty of cloaked, great-coated, and furred people, shivering and shaking, and looking red, and dark, and half hid upon it. Your bed when you get into it feels like ice—your bedroom strikes cold as a well—the water in your water-jug has vanished, and in its place is a lump of solid ice—or if it be not quite so solid as that, there are about two inches of ice, with the water beneath cuttlingly cold like sharp knives. Your towel is stiff, and stands on end—pipes are frozen—numberless plugs are open and gushing—people tumble with their umbrellas—there are little crowds in the street round fallen horses—hackney coachmen stoop in the snow and look sulky—there are large fires in the kitchens, and cooks look as roasted as their meat. Then the country looks dreary—barren and miserable as Lapland. At night there is a glare of snow, with the stars shining sharply. In the day all the hills, and vales, and risings and fallings of the ground are coated, as far as you can see, with white. The sky is one uniform dull grey. The hours wear slowly and heavily on, till the half-past-four-o'clock cold twilight comes in its chilly clearness, and gradually darkens and darkens till lights glimmer brightly in distant cottages, and the man who is out of doors thinks himself a truly miserable wretch! Snow is heaped, and bedded, and smothers the hedges, and covers the roofs, and the chimney-tops, and the window-sills. All the branches of the trees, and every evergreen leaf, and every twig, and penthouses, and everything standing out of doors, are laden with it, all crisp and most deplorably cold. Frozen-out gardeners groan along the street—hackney carriages rattle to Christmas parties. People feed well this month, if they fare badly all the rest of the year—that is, those who can afford it. Skates cut up the ice, and skaters go flying by you. You are awake in the morning by a scraping and scratching, and a dull heavy tumbling from the roof of the house opposite. You know that there has been a snow-fall in the night, and you look out and see everything a staring white. There are sheets of Twelfth-night characters in the confectioners' shops, all gay in their pink, and blue, and yellow, and green; and cakes are arranged so as to fill the shop-window, with their icing as white as the driven snow, and with the little kings and queens, and bishops,

and baskets, and race-horses, the harlequins and *punchinellos*, knights and dust-men, the chainwork of red and green orange peel, walling of pink and azure, and light green paper cut into spires, or notched off into vandykes or semicircles. Little children at home for the holidays go out to parties, and have tea and cake, and currant and raspberry wine is handed to them upon waiters, and they turn to all sorts of games, and sit round a loo-table and play at speculation, and childish laughter fills the house, and the stock in trade of one player is violently broken in upon by his neighbour, till a general scramble takes place and the card-counters fly without wings. The servants come for the children at eleven o'clock, and the little dears put on their things, and are guarded off, after—at least the female part of them—having their bonnets tied by the mistress or master of the house, with many "my dears," and compliments to "pa" and "ma," and love to elder sisters from elder sisters of the house where the juvenile entertainment is given. So much for January, the first month of the year, and the second of cold—cold winter!

Next comes

## FEBRUARY,

foggy, damp, chill, and dreary. There are clouds in the sky, all dim black, and dull blue, and cold grey. Sleet falls and falls, softly and softly, till you are wet to the skin. People go grumbling, and looking gloomy, and as miserable as the weather itself, along the street. There are fogs in the afternoon, dark-brown, and dirty yellow, and damp, cloudy white. The lamps and other lights are red dots—all is at sea—all is a chaos—all is an ocean of cloud, in which you wade, and wade, and stumble against things. There are shouts in the road, and cries of "go on," and hollow rumblings, and calls for lost folks. Men's mouths are buried under two inches of handkerchief—voices are hoarser than those of costermongers, and men ballad-singers, and "evening *Courier*" men. Strange shapes loom—odd beings—all the shadowy forms dwelling in outer darkness. You grope your way by the railing, and only see the lamps when they start above you as single dots of light. Lights gush strongly from the shops into the road. Rays of light pass across the street, straight and well-defined, though lurid. The houses rise dark and mysterious. You have suddenly got into another world—a strange gnome sort of kingdom under ground, where you can see nothing, and hardly hear. You wander about, and look around, and think it can never get light again. Red flashings, and flamings, and showers of sparks go past you, illuminating the dusk, and luridly lighting up ill-defined and shadowy figures, which look like imps, or devils, or things inhuman at least, come abroad with a portion of their own fire-atmosphere about them. Some of these fire-devils lead forward things you take to be horses, and mysterious vehicles rumble slowly after them with idle, glumpy charioteers upon them, who are seen to glide dimly above you in the tide of fog. Now coughings are innumerable, and clothes get wet, and throats tickle, and policemen direct people, and you fervently wish you were safe at home and out of the cloud.

February is the month of snow-white sheets of paper with gilded quivers, and darts, and arabesques, and scrolls upon them, and very red hearts, and very many altars, and numberless little naked cupids, and many little bird-cage temples, and very green trees, and beautiful knots and festoons of flowers, and the loveliest pink roses, and very gay gentlemen with their hats in their hands, and dressed in sky-blue coats and white pantaloons, and quite as many beautiful ladies giving their hands to the aforesaid gentlemen, and angelic in flounces, and long ringlets, and scarfs, and long gloves, and with pink cheeks and white arms. The postman's knock causes the heart to flutter, and maid servants run up laughing into attics to read their letters, and more guesses are made on the fourteenth of this month than on any day in the year, and Jane thinks to herself it is William's hand, and William thinks to himself it is Jane's. All the little children go to see pantomimes, and then depart for school, and schoolmasters advertise that on such a day their "young friends" recommence their

studies, and there are ponds of mud in the street, and thaws make the town look slushy, and as if it could never be clean again, and a number of scavengers' carts wade in the "Macadam pudding," as it has been derisively called, and scavengers' haybanded legs dimple the slush-smoothness as they move about in it, and crossing sweepers are most industrious, and birch brooms trickle with a liquid between water and mud; and cabs dash about and splash your cloth. Lamplighters run and whisk up their ladders, and hackney-coachmen gather in groups at public-house doors, and the hackney rats of horses mumble lazily, and look lean, and wretched, and groggy. So wear on the dreary days of cold, wet February.

### MARCH

comes blowing and puffing, and rattling tiles about your ears, and tumbling down chimney-pots, and thundering in chimneys, and rushing down the street. Umbrellas fly inside out and *scud* old gentlemen—hats fly into the air, or roll over and over into the gutter. You stagger, and fight up against the wind, and hold your hat. Dust flies in clouds, and fills your house, and gets in your eyes, and is whirled round and round on the pavement. The cold grey clouds fly in the sky, and pale sunshine now and then comes out from among them. The weather is neither cold nor warm—neither pleasant nor disagreeable—neither one thing nor the other. You think you have seen the hardest of the year, but you are yet chill from winter. Matters are, in commercial language, "looking up." Spring is coming. There are fires yet in your rooms, but you do not stick so closely to them. You do not drive up into the chimney. The days are clear enough. People move. There are carts of goods going along the streets. The town is busy. There are many auctions. You ride out; the ground is hard and dry, and pleasant to the foot. Country roads begin to look agreeable in the middle of the day; and the sunshine, though faint, is broad; and the superabundant moisture rapidly evaporates; and the trees begin to lose their forkedness of appearance, and men begin to walk abroad without great coats, forgetting them, and also occasionally leaving their umbrellas at home. Clouds drive across the sky, the sunshine flies over the ground, running before you, now lighting up the place on which you stand, then shifting before you to a clump of trees and leaving you in shadow, and quickly passing on to a row of houses which it lights up, fades gently from, and passes over. The days sensibly lengthen every day, and you have broad daylight to your surprise at six o'clock, and you can see the postman tingling his bell—at least you used to do it—and you have light for some considerable time after your dinner, or after your tea, as the case may be.

### APRIL

has a face all smiles and tears. Her hair blows in long light ringlets playing about her face and curling over her white shoulders. Her eyes are clear blue; they seem to reflect you like lakes of crystal water, blue—deep blue in the sunshine. Her arms she tosses as a nymph at an old Greek festival advancing to the warbling of flutes and the occasional clash of a classic cymbal, and she dances—oh! how enchantingly she dances. Her footstep falling on it treads not down the fairy flower nodding on its thread-like stalk. Her lips are two ripe red cherries, and her teeth are white and fresh as pearls. Now dark clouds, intermingled with piles of fleecy ones, roll across the azure sky, deep in tint as the water flowing round the Enchanted Island. Up they come; a *stratum* of snowy cloudlets flatly spreads across the pure space of air; the sunshine comes rich, bright, and warm, making the pavement dazzle, and trees live. It shines on the houses, and catches white blinds. Suddenly the sky is overcast, the sunlight fades, you look up; there is the big black cloud, through its breaks you see a background of other clouds, but these are dazzlingly white, like rolled masses of wool, or mountains of snow with the sun shining on them, heaped in the valleys and spired in the mountain-tops. One or two drops of rain patter about you, tap on skylights, and dot the white pavement, just drying in the bright sun from

a preceding shower. The rain-drops thicken; faster and faster the rain comes, giving you very little notice of its approach. Hackney coaches are called off the stand, cabs rattle by, ladies run and crowd into shop-doors, shopmen rush out with poles to push in the awnings, men take in articles which may be put too forward outside of their shops—all is hurry, skurry, and bustle; all is gloom about you, down comes the rain, rattling on the pavement, smoking up like steam, and making slates shine in a twinkling. The wind takes the rain-drive and dashes it up against glass, on which it crashes, and flashes, and splashes! The gutters run, so do people without umbrellas, women clatter with pattens at a something between a walk and trot, the shower comes down furiously, by-and-by it gets fainter, a large patch of sky, which looks like blue light, shows itself under the dark curtain above you, the rain ceases, drops patter from the eaves, people step out of their sheltering places, umbrellas are put up, though there is now no need of them, ladies raise their dresses and tread carefully on tip-toe. An immense clattering of pattens induces you to look out; you look first straight before you, then above, lastly to windward, and, being satisfied, step out and walk off. The streets are running with water, the immense clouds roll majestically off, disclosing more snowy spires and mountain piles printed on the clear azure. The sun bursts out. Glorious! The hedges, if you are in the country, are spangled; the leaves glitter. The stones shine, if you are in town, fit to blind you; everything is alive. The whole scene is prismatic. It has three parts, one part sun, one water, and one shine. It has glory in triplicate. To crown its beauty, upon the broad, even sheet of watery, inky blue, spanning the whole magnificent sky, is a mighty bow, with its tints of light lightening the area contained in the semicircle, and sweeping down till hidden by the houses, if you happen to be in London. But in the country the rainbow will, perhaps, pass down between you and a hedge not very remote, giving hues to the grass and the leaves like those you catch in cut glass against light, and seeming a gossamer ladder, or airy staircase, up which the fays, who weave its colours for coats and frocks, may mount to the curling clouds, as they cut their swift way through the smooth sea of the clear air.

## MAY

is more luxuriant, more free, more open, more hearty, more ready to take you in her arms and squeeze you than her sister, April. Her eyes are larger, and she opens them wider, and looks you in the face boldly. Her beautiful hair falls in thick glossy curls down the sides of her laughing, lovely face, and sweeps over her ivory shoulders as she turns her head aside or looks down. Her mouth is ever dimpling with smiles. She blushes, but when she does so she does not cast down her eyes. She looks at you steadily with her large, clear, deep-blue eyes, and with a sort of expression of surprise and boldness in them, and she averts not her gaze though you even stare at her. Her lips are vermillion, and seem ever, as the poet prettily says of tempting lips,

"Petitioning for kisses."

Her robe falls in light negligent folds from the shoulder, declining gracefully and unrestrainedly to her waist. She looks like a fairy or *sylphide* at the Opera—not encumbered with too much dress. Her little fairy feet and sweetly-turned ankles twinkle as she trips along. She seems a goddess in a muslin frock, a drawing-room fairy, whose beauty sprung not from art, but whose elegance could have been nowhere learned except among perfumes and silver vases.

Now in the country trees look a mass of bright green buds, tender and tiny; all their sweet leaves doubled up into one another. The hedges and the bushes are all alive with young leaves. The grass dries, the roads are dusty, stones glitter, and the cattle look warm and comfortable in the fields. The air about you is warm. You feel it soft, and move through it as something sweet and delicious. The sunshine is powerful, burning around you, lighting objects brilliantly, and making itself the life of the sky and clouds—their speaking soul.

Summer is come; and you think winter something not possible, and that you must have made a mistake about it. Sheep-bells tinkling on a hill-slope, warm in the afternoon sun, sound musically; dogs heard barking at a distance carry your mind to pastoral scenes, and bring back things and stories to your heart you have seen in your mind's gallery, where they are hung up like pictures, on which sometimes a stray light will accidentally fall and remind you of the existence of something you dreamt not dwell in the place you find it.

In London, drums are heard at the end of streets of a sunshiny afternoon, and you see little crowds coming towards you with the *rumble, rumble* of the drummer, and the top-heavy-kind of lifting up of the bow-crowned Jack-in-the-Green. Boys shout, dogs bark, horses caper, ladies return back on their own footsteps, and little children run away, frightened at the "sweeps," or catch hold with desperate energy to the gown-tails of their *mas*, or nurses, or the coat-skirts or gloved fingers of their *pas* or uncles. Straggling out of the crowd, come one or two of the "characters," their black faces changed to purple with rouge, and their sooty jackets bedizened with gold-paper, red and white rose-paper bordering, many-hued calico, and artificial flowers. They rattle their pink and white diagonally-chalked scrapers, and run to the area-railing, vociferating their "now, *sirs*," or "now, *ma'ams*," most pertinaciously. Anon comes the clown, or one of the clowns—for a duplicate of the "motley" is paraded in the "cry," who do the thing handsomely—tumbling over and over, and a *fac simile* of the clown at one of the "minors;" so real that little boys, to their dismay, fancy they see the creature they saw upon the stage, and, when in his proper place, could laugh at, now in the street, magnified to a monster, playing his pranks in broad day, and much too near to them to be agreeable. Possibly, even, he might say something in his rough way to them. For fear he should, urchins who see a chance of the clown's hideous chalked face looking like a white nightmare into their own, bolt down side streets, and never feel easy till they lose the sound of the *rub a dub, rub a dub*. Now comes the whole glory of the company, my lord and my lady; he in a purple coat with broad tails trimmed with gold lace, or at all events something that glitters, with light smallclothes, shoes, stockings, and cocked-hat and feather; she in a spangled muslin dress, with pink satin shoes, a pink hat, satin spencer, and a gold ladle in her hand.

The drum begins to rumble. Jack-in-the-Green begins to foot it like a dancing bear, now swaying heavily over to one side, then to the other, and occasionally giving a vivacious swing round. My lord dispenses the double shuffle, my lady gives something which she intends for particularly elegant, the inferior dancers wheel round, jumping briskly on their heels, and making a hideous clatter with their shovels and scrapers. His lordship waves a silk handkerchief, and my lady flourishes the ladle; the clown tumbles over head and heels, and grins and contorts himself in the circle. At last Jack settles himself down *plump*, and there he stands as if the "green" had lost his legs and it grew from the ground. One of the company goes up to speak with the mysterious person or thing (for, something like a steam-boat bell—of which I never could discover the puller—nobody is able to tell what it is, or what it is like, that moves the green about) through a small peephole in the front, the rest disperse with importance, clamorously, to gather money. Windows are thrown up; money tumbles jingling on the stones; the crowd stare with a sudden and deep interest at the house from whence the money comes; my lord takes the lead, the rest follow like chickens after a hen, and the whole, crowd and children, dogs and sweeps, and eyes following, move on.

On Sunday afternoons boys may be seen coming into London with plenty of May, and the white stars of it glitter like silver. A thousand flowers with pink and bright yellow, and amber and clear blue, and purple and violet drops or starry blossoms, tremble in the soft warm wind, and shine in the sun, quivering like sparks of fire in it. Trunks of trees in their silver and russet glisten, and the ivy shines darkly, and creeping plants twist their tendrils, brilliant like bright wire, round branches leaf-showered and trembling. Birds sing and



chirrup, and dart by on swift wing. The woods glow, and masses of luxuriant green canopy colonnades of spiring stems, the sod beneath large spreading trees is a mosaic of wavering sun and shadow. The sails of the snowy clouds lag in the sultry sky; the air is too heavy with heat for those airy barks to cut their softly-gliding way. Water ripples; rivers present a surface of clear light; streams overshadowed with foliage sweep their green currents beneath old brick dilapidated country bridges, or force between mossy stones which cause the water to flash and roar round them in puny impatience and insignificant wrath. Fish give a snap upwards which makes momentarily widening circles in the water. Countrymen are at work in the fields with their coats off; houses look hot; shadows are deeply cut; solid bodies are warm to the touch; and the sun sleeps on drawn-down Venetian blinds, with a vase, or something containing fresh flowers, perhaps, on the window-sill, to which the blinds are nearly lowered.

## JUNE

is more sunny, more even-weathered than May. The woods are now in full leaf, the hedges and the bushes are thick, the ground is covered with flowers, and the clouds do not fly with a driving wind, but move deliberately and majestically. The air is clear, and distant objects are distinct in the sun. You, perhaps, wake at four o'clock in the morning and find the sun shining strongly in at your bedroom window. Perhaps you look out; it is broad day, and bright sunshine, with not a soul stirring. Evening seems afternoon, and the sun at seven o'clock is as sun at three. The long long day is closed with the clear soft twilight, the rosy lights in the west gradually and duskily fading to obscurity. Distant cottages and clumps of trees look still and solitary in the loneliness of late evening, lights begin to twinkle in cottage windows while a light is still in a quarter of the heavens, the air seems to impress of quiet and rustic picturesqueness.

In the day-time haymakers are seen busy in the fields, the meadows are dotted with haycocks, while the sun pours down on all the extent of ground, and makes the beer-cans glitter which have been brought into the fields. Carters walk, hoisting their shoulders, by the side of their teams, with their coats off and shirts unbuttoned at the chest. The country smells of hay, and along a green lane the perfume of it is beautiful. Tiles gleam and slates are hot, streams run musically, and the hum of insects in a wood sounds in a hot day like the roaring of a distant cataract, heard through the still summer air.

## JULY

is the month of hot bright skies. The clouds in the sky are as pieces of silver floating in a sea of sapphire. The sun is a life, all broad yellow, setting the air on fire, and standing bodily between you and objects, and surrounding you, and pushing you down, as it were, into itself! The world is all light and heat; the trees live, every leaf blazes, every stone dazzles; all the country is on fire with the sun! Windows are thrown open, and holland-blinds drawn down, or green blinds folded, and the room feels hot and still, and there is a sort of green twilight in it, looking cool, and shutting you up, as in a cool grot, out of the glare and stare of the noonday. Flowers are like stars, and are brilliant like pieces of fire, and their perfume comes out in strength. Street-doors are hot to the hand, and are peeling and cracking. The sun is on the window-sills, and on your tables, and on the floor, like something laid upon them! The fields are hot, dry, and still—the green is dazzling, the trees and hedges stand up like something standing patiently there to be scorched. Stones in the road glisten, and pebbles in sand shine like diamonds, and the fresh sward seems like a hot-bed. Grass looks silky, and there is a constant hum all about you, sounding drowsy in the stillness, and inclining you to nod. Wheels sound dull, and as if they were rolling on flannel, and horses' hoofs tread gently, and a laugh out of doors sounds musical, and cocks crow as if there were a new atmosphere about them,

quiet and lazy. Waggon-horses plod along, and the bells jingle soft, and the horses strike up the white dust with their shoes, and the waggoner's back feels burning, and he twitches up his mouth and hangs his head, and his face looks as if it stood in need of his pocket handkerchief—if he happens to have one, which is doubtful. A stage-coach dashes by, all the brass brilliant, and the horses shining, and the inside looking dark and cool. The white gravestones in the churchyard look whiter than usual, and sheep stand still and look at you, and cows swing their tails about, and every now and then bob back their heads, and flies dimple the still stream, and the sun flickers on it, and the shadow of the leaves trembles like an aspen. Children stand at a cottage-door with their finger in their mouth, and their hands up to their eyes, or their eyes half shut. Cats are seen asleep in cottage windows, and old Dutch clocks tick more sleepily than usual. Old women yawn, and every now and then put down their work and lean back in their chairs and shut their eyes. Men are seen, twos and threes together, asleep on their faces at the side of the roads; dogs are extended in the sun; everything seems too lazy to stir; no bird is heard. Now and then a straggling bird may pass before you, but he sweeps into shadow. All the country is intensely hot and silent, so much so that you might fancy you could hear a whisper a mile off. In London the pavements look glaring, and omnibuses are full, and all the people on the shady side of the way. As you pass the shops a different scent comes from each, and coachmakers' establishments look cool, and the water sprinkled on the floor and the leather grateful, and many men with watering-pots water the pavement, and water-carts, with the drivers in their shirt-sleeves, pass along and pour out a bright shower, making the ladies scamper if they happen to be near the curbstone.

Now, in Oxford-street, or Holborn, or the Strand, or any such long street, you see a vista of white awnings, all drawn down to shade the shops and hot and dazzling in the sun, and there is an abundance of white trousers walking along the pavement, as it appears, that seem to stand out in their brightness, and light dresses and ribbons are the order of the day, and numberless parasols are up, and countrymen, perhaps, carry umbrellas, and hats are lifted from the melting brows, and foreheads are wiped, and men go with their gloves hanging like rags in their hands, and watch-guards glitter strongly, and the City hums like a bee-hive. The sight of the river is pleasant, and the water shines clear and cool, and watermen in white shirt-sleeves skim about in their wherries, and men are asleep in the sun on the wharfs, and porters stand in public ways resting themselves with their burdens on posts. People stand in the shade talking, and a close alley is a comfort, and in the sky above the houses it looks tremendously hot, and in many of the houses is cold meat for dinner with pickles and new potatoes, and cool ale or beer, folks having little appetite. The fire-places are done up, and people do not go near them, and the shady rooms are much used, and the shops of bakers seem stifling, and hundreds of flies are in them, and the men in them look as pallid as boiled potatoes. Butchers' shops are offensive, and butchers themselves seem greasier than usual, and poulterers' shops are an abomination, and fishmongers' places seem comfortable. People saunter, and seem lazy all day, and half inclined to go to sleep. The sight of a chemist's shop is refreshing, with its cool floor and oilcloth, its bottles, its glass, its blinds, its white-aproned shopmen, and above all its soda-water fountain, with the clear glasses temptingly displayed. Strawberries are cried in the street by men and boys in their shirt sleeves, and cherries are sold by old women at the street corners, and in the evening all the streets are full of loungers.

On Sunday evening the galleries and windows of public-houses in the suburbs are full of men and women, the men smoking and drinking. Omnibuses are full, and the roads crowded with people coming in from the country. Charity children in the morning and afternoon walk slow in the sun, and beadles stand at church-doors, and the bells toll quietly, and the City seems still.

On week days at London-bridge, steamers are up at the wharfs, and luggage is coming down dark lanes and round corners in cabs and hackney-coaches, and

the funnel smoke, and the white steam is roaring and gushing. Cricket matches are played; boat races take place on the river; open air *fetes* draw people in carriages, vans go out of town with holiday folks, and people cross Westminster-bridge in the afternoon, as it seems, to go to Astley's.

In the country, benches at inn doors are full, and horses and carts stop, and the cattle hang their heads and move instinctively to the water-trough. Horsemen are tired, and gape in the sunshine, and out comes the ale, and the landlord in his white shirt-sleeves talks with no hat on his head to folks at his door. All the roads and lanes seem as if there were nobody in the world but yourself. A dry long dusty road seems as if you could never get along it, and pools and pieces of water are bowered with the leaves, and cottages are half concealed in the green.

Sometimes on an evening, when the air previously has been exceedingly sultry, there is a muttering in the distance and pale lightning in the clouds. Half of the heavens is dark and threatening, and the cloud slowly comes up. By-and-by the red lightning gushes from the clouds, tearing them open laterally and showing all the edges in fire. It quivers blue first in the distance, then near, first on one side and then on the other. It expands among the clouds, lighting up first one and then another. Sometimes it flashes as bright as day—dazzles like sunshine, and shows everything as brilliantly. Sometimes it quivers bright blue three or four times successively, shining on the ground, and then opens yellow—bright yellow—in the sky. It flashes, and glances, and explodes like fireworks. Meantime the thunder is rolling, and making a dropping kind of sound, and rumbling and crashing around. If the storm be heavy, the lightning indeed seems scarcely to cease—flashing, and streaming, and glancing in every direction, wherever you can turn your eye.

#### AUGUST

is hot—fervid—with very little rain, and still less wind. It is the month of hot skies, dry and dusty country, moonlight nights, grain all gold and brown; of harvest, of stooks and sheaves. It is the last month of summer, when the skies have been *summered* a long time, and when we have become so accustomed to the warm, green, leafy season, that we think winter with its cold and ice, and its grey skies and white snow, can never come again. August is the month of brown husbandmen with brittle straw hats, hot-looking faces, swarthy hands, and shirts open in front to let in to their skins the slow-moving, deliciously warm air. August is the month of the round harvest moon, yellow and broad in the pearly blue of a slightly misty evening. Some silvery yellow, amber coloured, (rather) clouds, may be seen encircling the moon when it rises, changing to bright silver as it gradually mounts in the sky, throwing off its haze, and with its pure light deepening the soft grey into deep sky-blue, spangled with silvery-twinkling stars. There is the warm noontide in August, when the air in the bright blue is too hot for the trees to stir, when all the masses of leaves glitter in the gold, sparkling in the stream of sunshine, and casting shadows over the sandy roads, deep in proportion as the glare in open spots is great. Red roofs gleam softly at a little distance, the gilded greens of the woods are mellowed, the grass looks smooth, soft, and silky, and the light clouds, which float all white, amber, or pink, look like fairy chariots passing along the blue road of Heaven.

The golden grain is in the fields. Here is a field where the reapers, with a sweeping monotonous kind of noise, scythes or sickles in hand, make the corn bow. Farther on, single sheaves lie on the yellow ground, which is burnt up with the fervid, cloudless sun. Stooks cover the field on your right hand, with the heads of the grain massed and bowing gracefully over the sheaf. Popples speckle the amber surface of the ground. A hum and buzz surround you.

#### SEPTEMBER

is so like August, especially in the beginning of it, that you can hardly distinguish between the two. Its suns are more yellow, but not so fiery or powerful

as those of the preceding two months. The mornings are hazy, and the evenings not altogether clear. The sun does not come to his strength until the day is advanced: he yellows the clouds, and the earth, but does not set either on fire. Now running streams are liquid gold, and the rippling wavelets on a large river are shatterings of the same brilliant metal. The clouds float in a sea of shining amber, and the air is soft and warm. Orchards are purple with fruit, and the branches bend with their leaf-chapleted riches. Sunsets are red, and the sky at mid-day is clear blue. Sportsmen in dark stuff, which looks like fustian, in leather gaiters and broad-brimmed hats, with their guns under their arm and a couple of liver-coloured and white dogs (perhaps) at their heels, are seen in the fields. Reports of fowling-pieces sound from among the woods, and flights of birds dart by you. Holborn is full of people going to\* "Bartlemy Fair," and there is a tremendous hubbub in all the streets leading to it. At the end of the month geese are seen all in a row in the poulterers' shops, with their long necks hanging down and rolled round with straw. The country looks pleasant, and such country as you see in pictures, with the same kind of sky. Bye roads get heavy, and water runs down those roads better kept. Grey clouds let fall soft rains which soak the gravel.

## OCTOBER

is the month of enamelly light-blue skies, soft, but without the glory of those of advanced spring or summer. Its azure is a sarsnet azure, clear but not deep, soft but not strong, beautiful but not rich. The sunshine falls yellowly and golden, gilding trees, and houses, and fields, but not making itself a strength that you must grapple with, and that comes in at your window. There are light pearl-coloured or white smoky fogs in the morning, and the day breaks cold and white, and the sun for some hours looks first like a blot of red ink on a sheet of white blotting-paper, and then faintly and redly lights up clouds, and paints them with pink, and amber, and orange; but all these colours seem much weakened with water. You see a sheet of mist on the damp steamy fields, and the green hedges loom greyly in the fog, and trees are still and their leaves do not shake in the level cloud. As the day advances, the mists rise, and the fields wax bright, and the trees, too, become green and distinct, and cottage roofs gleam in the yellow sunlight, and roads look pleasant, and as if you could walk in comfort down them. The distant country grows clear. You see miniature villages, and baby-house country-seats embosomed in a nest of tufty green; and dotted lines of hedge rows, and piercing church spires, and white dots of towers, and grey lengths or sweeps of country, and dim hills printed on the airy blue sky display themselves. Some small trees turn bright yellow, and enliven groves of dark green, and there is a nutty-brown shade in the woods, and colours like the colours of filberts are spreading among the foliage, and the ground beneath us is brown with fallen leaves trodden into the "damp." There is the cold white-blue moon with the lucid grey bur around her, seeming to make an atmosphere of shining gossamer in which the moonbeams shall be caught as flies, and where spirits, whose bodies are as gauze, shall live, to float to and fro. Haze and blue light mix together like two sorts of water, and float over the figures of trees all pale and dim in the moonshiny air, and dwell around buildings sleeping softly in the silence and loneliness of their night-chilly sort of unsubstantiality. Twilight clips our afternoon; and a dark day with a sort of fog above for a curtain, but not extending down, ends in a cessation of wind, a clear-obscure sort of quiet, and a shutting up of the shutters of daylight. Pavements are damp and the roads muddy without rain, the flags being sometimes white while the carriage-way is black. Straggling lights appear in shop-windows before the dying daylight has its eyes closed by the finger of its elder sister, twilight. Foggy mornings give birth to bright days; a streak of fire will sometimes lamp a sea of fog in the afternoon, as if the sun before he departed tore a hole in his

\* This refers to old days. Bartholomew Fair is defunct.

curtain to look at the world he was going to leave. Muffin bells get industrious at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the monosyllable "muff," for "muffins," is heard down the quiet streets, sounding comfortable, and conjuring up a vision of a snug fireside, with tea-urn, and a blazing fire, and a row of brightly glistening cups—

"That cheer, but not inebriate,"

flashing back the gleam of the fire, provided you are sitting in a reverie waiting for candles. The winter theatres open for the season, and you begin to think of night-going-to-the-play, and coal barges are seen in the fog of a dark afternoon looking like great black beasts floating on the river, as you pass some of the Cecil, and Norfolk, and Arundel streets. Clouds of mist hang about church-steeples, through which the latter seem to start up in savage loneliness like pins, and clouds of the same character roll round the dome of St. Paul's and encircle the shot-towers on the south bank of old father Thames. In the country you peer out of window in the afternoon when it is getting late, and do not want to go out; and the fields and lanes look lonely, and as if the distance was not comfortable between you and a village or town some four or five miles off.

Now the night-skies begin to look cold and clear, and the stars glitter sharply, and the Thames looks cold and dreary, especially of an afternoon, and coppery suns sparkle brassily upon the water, and white fogs curtain distant buildings, and far-off hills are faint grey. Old women, who live alone, creep into their fire-place late at night, and intending to take the chill off the London particular which has been brought for their solacement at supper, perhaps get a-gossiping with some old neighbour who has looked in, and boil the beer, with an "Oh, la!" at the discovery. Cloaks and great-coats begin, as it appears, for you see little-beside, to walk about the streets, and shawls incline towards the ground, and errand-boys trot with their hands in their pockets, and horses move as if they felt the cold, and were lazy in consequence. Reports of guns are still heard in the woods, silent and dry in the cold October air; and smoke moves lazily up from cottage chimneys in a twisting, longitudinal column; and small smokes are desecrated on the side of hills; and haze is everywhere. Pebbles are half buried in mud, and wheels crack over gravel, and travellers' noses look red in the morning, and the eyes of postboys and stable-boys are watery as they stare at carriages passing from inn doors and stable entrances.

## NOVEMBER

is chill, foggy, damp, wet, drizzly. The days are half fog and half drizzle, or half mist and copper sunshine. The mild rain falls with the softness of velvet, and yets the pavements, and makes mud of the roads. It polishes cloaks and great-coats, and makes Macintoshes shine, and causes hats to look like tin.

On the fifth of this month papers are stuck up about the streets warning all persons not to meddle with fireworks, and crackers are contraband, and rockets very low in the world. Catherine wheels don't go round, and Bengal lights are all dark, and Roman candles are all put out. Flower-pots are floored, and maroons are done brown. Squibs hang fire, and blue lights turn black. To sing in mournful chorus, "Oh! the lights of other days," would be the most natural employment for the little boys of London on these fifths of November! They are condemned to look enviously even at a farthing candle. But a solitary fizz, and bang, and pop, may be heard about nine o'clock at night, as if coming out and popping in again ashamed of itself. Fire-balloons are seen sailing up into the air, and in the neighbourhood of London, and in the country, bonfires are piled all the morning, and blaze at night, casting a luridly-red glow in a circle making devils of those in it. Rockets rise with a *whish!* and then a soft sail into the high air, puffing out quietly into bluish-white light, and making a little daylight as the bright white stars descend, a lonely crack following after an interval of silence. Fireworks fizz, and squibs crack and pop, and flashings and spark-showers do yet occasionally steal opportunity, with a Mohock species of



revenge, perhaps, to cut night's black face. Guys in paper cocked-hats, with straw stomachs and dangling legs, swing-swinging over the rush-bottom chairs in which they are carried about, loll sideways with an idiotic grin upon their physiognomies. Gibbets are raised, and Guy hangs like a bundle of rags, flaring up with glorious alacrity as his combustible limbs catch the fire and his bones explode.

On the ninth of this month the City, for a wonder, has little business done in it, and all the streets are full of people, and are clear of carriages, except files of them at the sides of the streets, and crowds move like sheets of type, all distinct letters, but for a time wedged together, until distributed, as the printers call it. All is expectation and bustle, and bonnets and ladies' faces appear at the windows, and shop-shutters are put up, and common individuals, with a number of maid servants, look down from attic windows, and the gilded coach is all in its glory, and the horses are brought along to make their paces before the people, and the mace-bearer, with his mace, plants himself at the window of the Lord Mayor's gilt van, and flags, painted and gilded—which, looked at from behind the crowd, appear to move by themselves—pass down the street. Now aldermen are on the alert, and common-councilmen take council as to where to stow their wives and daughters so as to see most of the show, and Mrs. Popkins loses herself in the crowd and gets her spectacles broken, and little Tom is near under the horses' feet, and Miss Maria's chip-bonnet scratches the necks of two men between whose heads she thrusts her own to see the show. Men, with their hands in their pockets, look behind them surlily for a minute, and then *ax* "where you're a shoving to;" and little boys creep between your legs, annoying you by catching hold of them as they bob in and out, as Sampson did of the pillars of the temple of Dagon.

Doctors' boys, with oilcloth-covered baskets, glide slimly and silently through the wet, and coal-waggons move lazily through the regular set-in rain, and the fantail-bearer ruminates, and plods along on the pavement, and carmen wear sacks over their shoulders. Muffins are hot in your fender, and the tea-urn smokes, and the hearth-rug glows, and the cat sleeps upon it. Candles burn bright, and the gold of picture-frames looks rich. Footmen only half open doors to rings at seven at night, and housemaids' arms and hands look red as they clean street-doors in the morning while the hearthstone-man passes. Pea-soup fog pours down the street, changing to a thick stifling white, and policemen look sharp-nosed, and strike the palms of their hands together.

The leaves are falling in the country, waggons are slovenly, roads in ruts, and puddles surrounding islands of dirt with a stone for a city. Twigs begin to fork up in the air sharply, and trunks of trees grow damp and mossy, hedges smell of rotten wood and dead leaves, giving forth a peculiar mustardy odour. Rain drips from eaves, and rushes down pipes, and makes little cataracts, and drops from penthouses. Pedestrians wrap themselves well up in their cloaks, and bury their noses in them, and plod along with their heads to the ground. Horses stand with their necks stretched out, the rain dripping from their manes; and cocks and hens now and then *scraugh!* and the cock's tail is matted with the wet, and blows aside when he hauls his wind, as the sailors call it. The wind comes cold and wet round corners, and makes you grasp your hat, and blows aside your cloak or great-coat. Chaise-aprons are up, and coach-glasses down for air. Men in chaises wear large gloves and thick brown great-coats. Countrymen are dressed in old blue great-coats, the bodies like spencers, with capes and a band dangling. There was darkness for an hour before the five o'clock postman's bell used to ring, and it began, *tinkle tinkle*, as you were sitting down to dinner, or as you sat by the fire-light. People this month blow their brains out, and precipitate themselves over Waterloo-bridge. You are inclined to echo in the morning Watts's sluggard's exclamation, "yet a little more sleep," and you hug yourself comfortably in bed, and think the necessity of getting up one of the greatest miseries that a poor wretch was ever doomed to. You tumble out from Madeira to Kamschatka, and shiver for ten minutes before you can gather

resolution to put on your clothes; but gradually get more comfortable, and more reconciled to life with every fresh article of apparel you put on.

In the suburbs beer-boys bawl loudly at nine o'clock in the evening, and stray omnibuses may be seen moving darkly along the roads, and gaslights twinkle scatteredly, and houses with their long walls, gardens, and trees, look dismal.

#### DECEMBER'S

face is more sharpened-up with ice than November's. His hair rattles about his forehead with the frozen wet hanging in ropes. His eyes seem as if they had been ground upon cold steel till they grew sharp as needles, glancing as brilliant as steel sparks. His mouth is marbled; his nose sharp as a pen, and blue; his cheeks mottled; and his beard swings and bumps up against his throat like the lump of ice which it is. His torn rags, thin as gauze, hang in ribbons, and are flogged with the cutting winds till they are blown from his quivering, withered, cold-shrunk limbs, and stream out like the fragments of a ragged sail fluttering over a wreck. December stoops with his bald reverend head, and fights up as well as his feeble limbs will allow him against the wind, but it blows him helplessly along, like a boy's cap in a City street, and it is only in the lull that he can get into the wind and work up his way again.

December is the month of mud, not occasionally sloughing the streets, but laying them under two inches deep with ruts, as railroads, scoring up the slush. Carriers in the country wear smock-frocks; laurel bushes are thick and shiny; shrubs look dark green, and in stout condition compared with the skeletons of trees in their neighbourhood; grass looks fresh in the wet; and mould appears soaked. Grocers' shops are brilliant by gaslight, and are garnished with holly with its scarlet berries, mistletoe with its pearls, and evergreens of all sorts of leaves of all sorts of hues. Immense pieces of beef are hung at the doors of butchers' shops, with sprigs of holly stuck in their five-inch white fat. All the town is astir in anticipation of Christmas. The play-bills, staring in all the dignity of red, and blue, and many-coloured lettering, catch your eye at every turning; and they decorate the walls, and are displayed on hoarding, and are stuck on brass pins, and in any convenient situation in shops. All the town is plums and mince-meat, and on Christmas-day the two angels of London are roast beef and plum-pudding. Little boys before they get up in the morning think of the glorious dinner they will have, and old gentlemen look at the minister at church and see in their mind's eye their table loaded with all the "delicacies of the season," in newspaper parlance. Bells go for church, and the day is a sort of Sunday-weekday, blending the bustle and amusement and worldliness of the one with the repose, the best-dressedness, and good-dinneredness, and clean-housedness, and individual-respectableness of the other. People come home, and eat sparingly at lunch that they may reserve an appetite for dinner, and enjoy with keener zest the good things which they know await them. Apprentices, all in their best, take walks in the Park, and numberless horses are hired, that would-be-equestrians may ride once in their lives at all events. Few carriages are seen abroad, because an opinion prevails that on these particular days, and on Sundays, it is fashionable to keep house. The hours move slowly till dinner-time, and you may see hackney-coaches carry elderly ladies and gentlemen, with caps in paper, and young ladies with rolls of music, and young gentlemen with musical instruments. Cabs rattle with bachelors to dinner-parties, and old women who keep houses invite other old women to come and see them, and in the evening they lock up the house, and go to church or chapel, but find neither church nor chapel open.

Fires blaze brightly in dining-parlours, and screens defend the backs of ladies, and there is a jingle of glasses, and a clatter of knives and forks, and loud conversation, and a great deal of laughter, sounding loud when John opens the door, and faint when he closes it behind him when he goes in or comes out, if you are hearing it from upstairs. Jokes are let fly, and puns are showered,

and much bad wit is laughed at, and the ladies are prepared to smile at everything, and sundry old gentlemen get red in the face with carving, and boarding-school misses sit still and look pretty, saying nothing, but occasionally simpering. John gets bothered with the dishes, or if Jane wait, the mistress of the house treats her with many domestic asides and certain significant frowns, meant for the side scenes only, but unfortunately visible to the whole audience. The sherry flashes golden as the decanter is shaken, and the ruby of the port flames in the silver, and the silver itself glitters, and the glass reflects the light of French lamps, which light up the snowy damask, the prints of the doubles dividing the surface of it into squares, like maps of London pasted on canvass. Smiles pass round the table, and repartees are banded from side to side, and "I thank you's" abound, and "I'll trouble you's"—when interpreted, signify, "Do let me have something, if you please." The ladies retire, and the men draw their chairs together, and the dessert suffers, and the wine goes circling about.

Politics are started, a second-hand sort of wit abounds, metaphysical subjects are taken up by one or two of the gentlemen who want to put themselves forward as talkers and be thought clever fellows. Many fine words are used, as if those at the table were fencing with one another to make an impression, the bottle is pushed about, men loll in their chairs, much time passes, and at last the gentlemen go above.

Here the ladies sit in their dignity—their silk and satin and pearl-necklace refinement. The gentlemen get sobered, and conversations are carried on in low tones, and all seems delicate, and tea and coffee are handed round by footmen, seemly anxious to remember the precept, "hear, see, and say nothing."

Music is proposed, some ladies sing, and some squall, and the *basso* chaunts hoarsely some "pirate" or "old oak" song, and supper comes, and the goddesses descend to earth in shawls and dark bonnets, in cloaks and boas. The candles are sinking; some flame up in the socket; some go out. There is talking and laughter on the staircase, and a shuffling of feet in the hall, and many good nights are exchanged on the door-step, and hackney-carriages jingle up their old rattling steps, and jarvey mounts misanthropically, and the anatomies shamble off. Some young gentlemen walk airily off in great-coats, with their handkerchiefs round their necks, and the house is left empty and looks desolate. The host returns into his hall, or into his passage, where the candle is streaming out and flickering in the draught, and he whistles, as he goes up stairs, one of the airs he has heard recently sung, and he tells his servants to go to bed, and he puts out the lights, and rakes out the fire, and goes himself to bed, after seeing that the street-door is fastened.

---

### THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

While sailing on the world of waters, see  
 The island Summer rising to the view,  
 Basking in brightness on the ocean's blue,  
 Fragrant with flowers—the treasures of the bee,  
 Fresh blossoms clustering on every tree;  
 Strewing each lake, each hillock, and each vale,  
 Loading with sweets the wings of every gale  
 That breathes among the orchards light and free.  
 Pleasant it is when winter's storms are past,  
 And we have cross'd its bleak and snowy sea,  
 Shivering no more beneath the bitter blast,  
 We near the land of Summer joyfully—  
 A land which glows with radiance from on high,  
 Bright with the glory of the Summer sky.

# ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

## BOOK I.—THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

### CHAPTER XI.—A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

THE 29th July was the 24th of February of the minions of Louis Philippe. The Louvre, Tuileries, Hotel de Ville, barracks, were all in the hands of the people, and the jackals were already preparing to devour the carcass left upon the place. Scarcely had the cannon and musketry ceased, than the Liberals assembled at the Hotel Lafitte, to decide on what should be done. These men had kept in the dark while the people were fighting, but now the victory was gained they decided to use it. They had, it is true, several false alarms, which restored all their terror, but the presence of two revolted regiments soon put them at their ease.

The scene round the Hotel Lafitte, in the street, in the court, in the rooms was most extraordinary. In the spacious *salons* of the banker's house deputies, generals, officers, conspirators were huddled together, calling, bawling, talking. In the court, soldiers, workmen, ex-combatants, crowded together, distributing ball cartridge, loading guns, smoking; while the windows in the neighbourhood and the house-tops were all garnished with eager spectators.

Victor Lefranc and Count Theodore having met Dumoulin by the way, and had some conversation with him, had then hurried towards the Rue Lafitte. They had entered the hotel, leaving Dumoulin in the neighbourhood. On entering they heard Mignet, the historian, addressing the people.

"Be patient, my friends," said he; "this evening you shall have the Duke of Orleans for king."

And the crowd applauded, knowing not the meaning of what was said, further than that Charles X. was thus dethroned.

"It is no use entering here," said Victor, quickly.

"Not the slightest," replied Theodore.

"Every moment is precious. If we give them time to proclaim their duke, these slaves, the Republic is lost."

"Let's away."

The two young men turned away. At the door was Dumoulin, in conversation with two men.

"They are a gang of traitors inside there," cried Victor.

"What is the matter?"

"They have adopted the Duke of Orleans on their flag."

"The Duke of Devil!" cried Dumoulin, furiously. "If we have a king at all, it must be the King of Rome."

"The Republic!" said one of the men.

"That's it," replied Victor; "but not a moment is to be lost. We must have a Provisional Government."

"Let's to the *National* office, and proclaim one," cried Charles Teste, the first speaker.

"Come away," said Victor; and in five minutes more the party, consisting of Victor Lefranc, Theodore, Charles Teste, Tachereau, and Dumoulin, were seated round a table.

"What names shall we adopt?" said Victor.

"Lafayette, for one," replied Teste.

"He is vain, old, and weak, but ambitious; and his reputation may serve. I vote for him," cried Victor.

After ten minutes' discussion, the Provisional Government was agreed on. It was composed of three names, Lafayette, Marshal Gerard, and the Duke de Choiseul. The conspirators adopted these three names, to give themselves time under a Provisional Government to concert with the Republican party generally.

"But we must hold the Hotel de Ville," said Victor, who was perhaps the most enthusiastic of the party.

"You have a colonel's uniform," cried Charles Teste, addressing Dumoulin, the Bonapartist, whom he knew to be bold enough for anything.

"I have," said the ex-colonel of the Empire; "I can get it in ten minutes. But why do you ask?"

"Go, put it on, and then assume the command of the Hotel de Ville, while we go and induce Lafayette and the rest to accept. They will obey your uniform."

The matter thus decided, Victor and his companions left the office of the *National*, then directed by M. Thiers, since of the *Constitutionnel*, and advanced towards the Rue Lafitte. At the entrance they met another deputation, at the head of which were the two brothers, Garnier Pages, one of whom has lived to see the glorious advent of the Republic.

"*Salut!*" said Victor Lefranc, who knew them both well, as did all Republicans in that day.

"Welcome!" cried Garnier Pages,—"you are going to the Hotel Lafitte?"

"To offer power to Lafayette," replied Charles Teste and Victor, in one breath.

"So are we."

"Bravo!" cried Victor; "let us join. We shall have double force."

"With pleasure." And the deputation, thus doubled in number, forced their way into the hall of the mansion, where was being conceived the new monarchy.

"Your business?" said a servant, with a low and obsequious bow. The people were masters for the nonce.

"The generals Lafayette and Gerard," replied Garnier Pages, giving his name.

The servant went in, and soon returned with the old celebrity of 1790, and with the less known and less patriotic general.

"Gentlemen, in what can we serve you?" said Lafayette, who thought himself once more in 1789.

"By doing your duty," replied Garnier Pages, firmly.

"Our duty is——"

"To accept the command of Paris, and thus direct the Revolution."

"The position is a serious one," observed Gerard, "and requires reflection."

"That is quite a sufficient answer for me," said Garnier Pages, warmly; "a man who takes time to reflect, is to a revolution utterly useless."

The general bowed and moved away. His views were higher than serving his country and the people. He preferred the livery of a king.

"And you, general?" inquired the deputation, who almost preferred the prospect of Lafayette's dictates alone.

"Oh!" cried Lafayette, with all the liveliness of a young man, "I accept, of course; but let me at least obtain the sanction of my colleagues."

He turned to go back into the *salon*, and Victor followed; the rest of the deputation meanwhile waited in the hall. Victor suspected the conference would produce no good result.

Lafitte, who had sprained his ancle, was sitting in a chair, surrounded by the deputies, undecided, hesitating, without one grain of the enthusiasm, devotion, and courage which is needed in revolution.

"Gentlemen," cried General Lafayette, as he entered, "the people offer me the command of Paris. Shall I accept?"



Several deputies applauded warmly, but others spoke in a low, rapid whisper. They saw the full meaning of the proposition, and dreaded it.

"Lafayette commander of Paris," said one, "the Revolution is master, and a republic will be proclaimed."

"This was Bertin de Vaux, the Conservative proprietor of the *Debats*, then what may be called a dynastic Revolutionist.

"How can we stop this?" replied another.

"I am inclined to accept," continued Lafayette, not hearing these murmurs. "The people have gained a great victory. They have been calm—they will be sublime. I think they deserve liberty as their reward, and I commander of Paris, there will be time to consult the nation."

But a Provisional Government and an appeal to the nation was not suited to the views of the minions of the Duke of Orleans. Their tricks would have thus been laid bare. They dared not, however, openly oppose Lafayette. They thought it best to place him in an equivocal position, which left room for a higher power. A cunning and cold egotist found in feigned enthusiasm the means of preventing the triumph of the people in Lafayette.

"If we cannot have Bailly, the virtuous *Maire* of Paris in 1789," cried Bertin de Vaux, "at all events we have one more, his colleague and friend, the illustrious chief of the National Guard."

"Thank you," said Lafayette, warmly; "you remind me of a very glorious day for me."

Victor Lefranc bit his lips. He saw the object of the cunning and sleek Bertin de Vaux.

"*Vive Lafayette!*" said the deputies, with one voice, "Commander of the National Guard!" and the thing was done—the trick was played.

With M. Carbonel on one side, and the excellent Audry de Puyraveau on the other, Lafayette turned towards the hall, to rejoin the deputation, delighted at the turn things had taken, and utterly ignorant that he had baulked a great revolution.

Victor had preceded him.

"He accepts," said the young man, bitterly.

"What?"

"The command of the National Guard," replied the young man, in a tone of anguish.

"We are tricked," exclaimed Garnier Pages; "but not a word. Let us accept what we can get. At the Hotel de Ville we may withdraw him from evil influences."

"Gentlemen," said Lafayette, on entering the hall, "I accept my old post, at the head of the glorious militia of Paris."

"It is well, general," replied Pages; "that is something. But the National Guard must be organised. Let us to the Hotel de Ville."

"To the Hotel de Ville!" cried the deputation, who saw the importance of drawing him away from the influence of the Hotel Lafitte.

"To the Hotel de Ville!" responded Lafayette, who saw nothing but the dazzling ray of the people's favour.

And the popular marquis, half Republican, half courtier, started, surrounded by the deputation, and supported by the two persons above alluded to, who assisted him to pass over the barricades.

They left the deputies to plot in secret council against the liberties and rights of the people, who had prevented them from falling back into the rank of private citizens. Guizot and Thiers, Barrot and Perier, these were the tricksters of these days.

## CHAPTER XII.—THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

THE scene round the Hotel de Ville, on the Place de Greve, was far more exciting than that in the neighbourhood of the Hotel Lafitte. Colonel Dubourg was actively engaged in organising the troops of the insurrection, and in keeping

order as much as possible among the insurgents, who were massed round about the Municipal Palace and the quais. Sentries in blouses kept all the avenues of the *locale*—very different, however, from its appearance on the 24th February, 1848.

Suddenly a movement took place on the Place de Greve. A man in a brilliant uniform, with plumes waving from his cocked hat, rode up to the principal entrance.

It was Colonel Dumoulin, surrounded by a staff of friends, come to take the command of the Hotel de Ville.

The sentries presented arms, and Dubourg, in a general's uniform, came out to receive the new dignitary.

"Welcome, colonel," said Dubourg, who knew him well,—*"in what capacity do you come here?"*

"As *commandant* of the Hotel de Ville," replied the colonel, with perfect self-possession. "The Provisional Government will follow me shortly."

General Dubourg bowed, and received the self-appointed governor with the utmost complaisance, giving orders at the same time for a hall to be prepared for the Government.

Dumoulin took up his quarters in the Salle St. Jean, at a table covered with pens, ink, and paper, and began to issue his orders with rapidity and gravity. A dozen men like him, with one celebrity at their head, could have upset all the schemes of Louis Philippe.

A person entered hastily.

"I come to place myself at your disposition," said the new comer.

"Your name?" asked Dumoulin.

"Alexander de Laborde," replied the other, with some little pride of manner.

"I name you Prefect of the Seine," said the governor of the Hotel de Ville, calmly; "go to your cabinet; and you," addressing an orderly in a *blouse*, "go proclaim the new prefect."

Next moment, to the sound of twenty drums, M. Alexander de Laborde was proclaimed Prefect of the Seine, by the self-appointed governor of the Municipal Palace.

The reign of this improvised dignitary lasted thirty-seven minutes by the clock of St. Eustache.

M. Baude next entered, and shook hands with Dumoulin.

"You are a man of energy," said the colonel; "we must have you on the Provisional Government."

"I accept any post of honour and danger," replied M. Baude, who was sincere.

"M. de Montalivet," said an usher.

This was the future director of the civil list of Louis Philippe.

"Don't forget me," said the new comer, addressing M. Baude; "I should like the direction of the *Ponts-et-Chaussées*, but if you have reserved that for yourself, why I must look to something else."

"I have reserved nothing," said M. Baude, coolly; "for myself, I didn't fight for three days to get anything by it."

"Of course not," cried M. de Montalivet, a little confusedly; "for myself, I didn't fight at all. But you know one must in the hour of danger be ready to devote oneself."

M. de Montalivet's devotion was like that of most of his party, and consisted in accepting any profitable position he could get. And such men, if an ounce more liberal than your aristocratic Tory, lay claim to the denomination of patriots!

As far as the people are concerned, there is not an iota of difference between a Whig and a Tory. Both are equally the enemies of the liberty, prosperity, and happiness of the masses. Both equally support class legislation, and all the other iniquities invented by oligarchs and aristocrats to deceive, oppress, and grind down the people.

Colonel Dumoulin continued meanwhile his functions with imperturbable

gravity, and was issuing a multitude of orders, when a loud discharge of musketry was heard. The whole party started to their feet. M. de Montalivet disappeared.

Two young men entered hurriedly.

They were Victor Lefranc, and Etienne Arago, old friends of long standing, and warm Republicans both.

"General Lafayette, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, is entering the Hotel de Ville," cried the latter, who was deceived concerning Lafayette.

"And the Provisional Government?" asked Dumoulin, anxiously.

"Has been smothered by the deputies," cried Victor, moodily.

"All has to be done over again, then," said the colonel. "Vive Napoleon II.!"

"Perhaps not—but go after Dubourg to receive Lafayette. Much will depend on how we manage him. If we can keep him from the intrigues of Lafitte, all may yet be well. Stand by your post. Don't give it up. If we can't have the republic, we will at least have Napoleon II. in preference to the Duke of Orleans. Anything rather than that."

But both Victor and Dumoulin were as yet ignorant of the force of intrigue and trickery in the government of nations, and how little honesty and patriotism, with their simplicity, have a chance in the balance.

The news soon came that the deputies assembled in the Rue Lafitte, immediately on the departure of Lafayette, had discussed the propriety of appointing a Provisional Government. Guizot, however, had proposed a Municipal Commission, and this being a compromise, and a timid middle course, was adopted. Its members were Casimir, Perier, Lobau, De Schonen, Audry de Puyraveau, and Manguin. They selected Odillon Barrot as secretary, while Lafayette appointed another, in the person of Hyppolyte Bonnelier.

The name of Barrot was decisive. He by his cunning prevented the last chance of the Republic. He was more than a match for the noble simplicity and curious vanity of old Lafayette.

Before night M. Bavoux was Prefect of Police; M. Chardel Director of the Post-office, and the energy of Manguin was seen everywhere.

He wanted the Commission to call itself a Provisional Government, but Lobau and Barrot prevented this. They were paying court to the new power.

About an hour after, in the dark of evening, four men met in the Rue de Chabrol. They were the General Pajol, M. Degousée, M. Victor, and Count Theodore.

"All is lost," said Victor, sadly. He knew the two others to be as far removed from the Orleans party as he was himself.

"M. Degousée," cried the General Pajol, turning to the future questor of the National Assembly of 1848, "in the fight you led a band of determined and bold men. Can you count on their zeal and devotion?"

"Certainly," replied Degousée, with enthusiasm; "as I can count upon myself or on you, my general."

"To the last?"

"I am certain of it."

"Would they obey an order to arrest Lafitte and all the deputies?"

"As for that, I have my doubts."

"Then the Revolution is an abortion," cried the General Pajol; "it is in their hands; and, as this young man says, all is lost. Good night. I shall go home to bed; I see no better way of passing my time."

They shook hands, and Victor and Theodore remained alone.

"It is clear we have been deceived," cried the former, "and we have fought for nothing."

"Let us home. We can talk there in peace, and see what is to be done."

"Let us home, for we have nothing more to do here," repeated Victor, whose thoughts turned complacently towards his beloved Helene.

In a few minutes more the two young husbands were receiving the congratulations of their wives, while Maximilian had not words to express his disappointment

and sorrow at the probable abortion of a revolution which had begun under such glorious auspices, in which the people had done everything, and were about to get nothing.

---

CHAPTER XIII.—THE 30TH JULY.

BUT the Republicans did not give up all for lost. During the night, the leaders summoned a meeting at the house of the *restaurateur* Lointiere. Victor and Theodore obeyed the summons at an early hour.

The rooms of the *restaurant* were filled by armed men, amongst whom Trelat, Teste, Charles Hingray, Etienne Arago, Bastide, Guinard, Hubert, Chevalier, were the leading men.

M. Chevalier presided.

But the Republicans were a new party. They were called suddenly together. They had education, devotion, earnestness, but they were not powerful with the masses. The people were ignorant—besides, none of their leaders were men either of fortune or reputation, they were merely sincere.

They had but one chance of success, and that was to put the popular name of Lafayette at their head. This chance they adopted.

The discussion had commenced when Victor and Theodore arrived. It had been hitherto unanimous. The Orleanists were, however, too afraid of the Republicans not to have used their usual intrigue and trickery here, and two of their emissaries, Messrs. Larreguy and Combe-Teste, had arrived for the purpose of wasting the precious time of the meeting. In the meantime the deputies were meeting at the Palais Bourbon to drag themselves at the chariot wheels of a king.

M. Larreguy requested the meeting to hear him, and at once stated that the excesses of the old revolution had made the reception of a republic difficult in France. The Duke of Orleans, however, a liberal prince, would give them stable institutions, with every democratic liberty.

The assembly began to murmur, and the president, M. Chevalier, called them loudly to order.

"This is treachery," cried one, hotly.

"Our time is wasted in talking," said another.

"Turn them out!" said a third.

"M. the President," thundered a fourth, "I am assured you are in collusion with the Monarchists."

"Young man," replied M. Chevalier, gravely; "I am simply more consistent than yourself. I allow freedom of opinion."

"But this is a meeting of Republicans. We want no Royalists here. Away with them!" and next moment the unlucky Orleanists orators were flying through windows and doors.

"Now for action," said M. Hubert, and he at once proposed an address to the Provisional Government, sitting at the Hotel de Ville, calling on them to convoke a constituent assembly. The address was calm and moderate. It merely asked that no form of government should be decided on until the country had been consulted.

This done, a deputation was formed, headed by Hubert, to carry this to the Hotel de Ville. The deputation was composed of Messrs. Trelat, Bastide, Teste, Charles Hingray, Poubelle, Guinard, Victor Lefranc, Theodore, and a few other men of action and energy.\*

A dense crowd, half armed, half unarmed, stood upon the Place de Greve. Hubert hoisted the address on the top of a bayonet, and pressed through the vast mass, scarcely one-tenth of which as yet knew the deep meaning of the

---

\* The names of Bastide, Trelat, Guinard, Hingray, in the person of the same men, occur again in 1848-9.

word republic to the poor, when a revolution has once consolidated itself into that form of government.

At the entrance of the Municipal Palace they asked for Lafayette. A sentry showed them the way. The general was in one of the great halls of the hotel, and received them standing. He and all those around wore the revolutionary tri-coloured cockade.\*

The Republicans surrounded him with deference, but with gravity and a solemn air, that meant a great deal.

Hubert read the address in a loud and earnest voice.

As he concluded, one cry of "*Vive la République!*" rose from the deputation.

Lafayette looked uneasy, and paled slightly. He was neither a Lamartine nor a Ledru Rollin.

"On you the people depend," said Hubert; "you owe to them the power of your name. To abstain is to betray them, or be afraid. Let us declare you dictator of France, until the voice of universal suffrage has been heard."

Lafayette knew not what to say. In the Carbonari he had always lashed every kind of monarchy with virulence. Above all, he had opposed the Duke of Orleans, of whom he was soon to say, "I was deceived. I thought him *bon et bête*." But Lafayette was only a Revolutionist and a conspirator from vanity. He had no real sympathy with the sentiments he expressed. All he wanted was popularity; and the friends of this man must excuse me if I say that I know no character in the French Revolution more contemptible. A man who advocates liberal opinions to get applause, and shirks them in the time of action, is purely despicable.

Lafayette could not say "No,"—he dared not say "Yes," and he accordingly wasted the time in an interminable speech, and in conversation about nothing.

Odillon Barrot was using these precious moments in working for the new monarchy. He now worked for Louis Philippe, as on the 24th of February, 1848, he was to scheme for the Count de Paris. On both occasions power and place were his only real motives.

An hour was spent thus. Some remained talking with Lafayette, while others tried to influence the Provisional Government. It was in vain. Lafayette was afraid. He wanted to accept, but he dared not. As for the Provisional Government, or rather Municipal Commission, their minds were made up to do nothing bold or great.

The next day Louis Philippe was Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, the fighting men of Paris had been adroitly sent to Rambouillet, and the revolution was an abortion.

From that day Victor Lefranc, like the other Republicans, had but one thought, that of overthrowing Louis Philippe.

A struggle to last eighteen years commenced that day.

From the 31st July, 1830, date the real adventures of my friend, Victor Lefranc, the French Republican.

\* The tri-coloured cockade resumes everything to a Frenchman—republic, empire, enmity to kings, priests, nobles, Bourbons, &c. In 1815 the first act of the decrepit descendants of St. Louis was to remove the tri-coloured cockade from the army, and to substitute the white. Two regiments in a garrison town received the order and obeyed it. But as the *bulletin* gave no instructions where they were to put it, they fixed it beneath the small of their back! A few days ago this insult to the white cockade was copied. A Royalist officer annoyed his soldiers (dragoons) very much, on account of their reading Republican newspapers. One day he ordered out the regiment to go through infantry parade. Presently their backs were turned to him, and on the seat of every man's trousers was a white patch and a "*fleur-de-lis!*" The politics of the army is not to be mistaken.

(To be continued.)



## LOVE LETTERS.

By A BAGMAN.

LOVE—LOVE LETTERS—THE CYCLOPS AND GALATEA—SAPPHO AND PHAON—VENUS  
AND ADONIS—HORACE AND LYDIA—ABELARD AND HELOISE—HENRY VIII AND  
ANNA BULLEN—NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

YOUNG LOVE, young love! It is a glorious heritage—the soul of the universe—the source of creation, bright and beaming as Heaven, deep and inscrutable as the unfathomable infinite, woman's dearest joy, and man's greatest happiness and comfort! Young love, young love! It speaks to the soul with an angel's voice, opens the soft affections with a golden key, touches the heart with the dews of Elysium, fills Hope's crescent with inextinguishable light, scatters flowers, amaranths, across the pathway of Memory, people's Youth's bowers with golden dreams—

“Clothing the palpable and familiar,  
With golden exhalations of the dawn.”

Carrying the mind away from the contact of vulgar thoughts, and giving to man a foretaste of the heaven to which he is hastening. Young love, young love, Eros or Anteros, or whatever else thou art called—whether represented as riding on lions or dolphins, or, more powerful still, in breaking the thunderbolts of Jove, thou art indeed a glorious youth—glorious in thy being, thy essence, thy works, and thy wonders! To thee it belongs to fill with poetry the morning of life, to make man a worshipper of the spiritual and the beautiful, to pour into the soul a “brighter ray,” and fill it all throughout with the glorious consciousness of a “more beloved existence.”

“Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Alla given,  
To lift from our earth our low desire.

\* \* \* \* \*

A feeling from the Godhead caught  
To wean from self each sordid thought.”

“To love,” says Liebnitz, “is to be pleased with the happiness of another—to convert the happiness of another into our own.”

“Please, sir, missus wants to know if you'll dine at home to-day?”

“I gave positive directions that I was not to be disturbed.”

“And please, sir, she wants to know how you'd like the hare done, and if the chickens are to be fricasseeed or curried, and if the chops are to be done *à la maitre d'hôtel* or *à la sauteuse*, and if the champagne—”

“There, sir, take that!” and a volume of Anacreon, from which I was just about to make a quotation, after describing a parabola in the air, struck the wall a few inches above the urchin's head.

With the most imperturbable gravity, and without changing a muscle in his face, the boy stood still looking at me, waiting for answer.

I burst out laughing. “Go: tell your mistress that I *will* dine at home, and that she may do the hare and the chickens and everything else just as she pleases; and tell her that I am on no account to be disturbed till six o'clock—and—stop—at one o'clock let me have some biscuits and sherry.”

The boy handing me the book, which meantime he had picked up, departed.

The interruption has driven Anacreon out of my head, and so I must even proceed without any aid from that quarter.

Of love, love letters are the natural offspring, just as rose-leaves are of sunbeams—solemn music of the playing of the winds—sea foam, from which, indeed, Aphrodite is said to have sprung, of the agitation of its waves—or—or—the last illustration is so good by the way that perhaps I had better not try to improve on it.

To a love letter the amorous youth flies to reveal those inward and absorbing feelings of his soul to which his tongue dare not give utterance. In a love letter the enamoured maid finds an opening for her thoughts and a refuge for her modesty—

“Heaven first taught letters for some wretch’s aid,  
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;  
They live, they breathe, they speak what love inspires,  
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.”

It has often occurred to me that a collection of love letters of ancient and modern times—weird expositors as they are of the weakness and the strength of man, shedding a strong and glaring light upon the virtues and the vices of humanity—would form a very curious and interesting volume. What I am going to indite now, however, must be regarded as jottings from memory, “pencilings by the way,” raw materials for the great work which, perhaps, in some half-score of years I may be induced to publish rather than the work itself.

The period that elapses between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five (happy period!) may for the most part be looked upon as the time most favourable for the writing of love letters. The love letters written during that blissful period may, in almost every instance, be regarded as the pure and truthful effusions of the heart—the genuine apocalypse of the soul, poured out in the fullness of unsuspecting innocence and confiding joy. The roses of life have only as yet been touched; personally we know but little of its thorns; we have tasted the honey without the sting of the bee; and drunk of the clear crystal streamlet without seeing aught reflected in its silvery surface but love, and heaven, and happiness, and joy.

Love letters written after the respectable age of five-and-twenty may, I think, in the majority of cases, be looked upon with some few scruples of suspicion. Protestations of burning love and devotion coming from a young gentleman who for some eight-and-twenty summers and winters has been tossing about on the great ocean of life, now coming bump against Scylla, anon, perhaps, getting too close to Charybdis, tarrying for awhile, it may be, in the bowers of Circe, or listening, peradventure, to the music of the syrens; protestations of love and devotion (unless, forsooth, it be to the first flame that was ever kindled in the temple, and that for years and years after has been kept burning in all its primal brightness upon the altar of the heart)—coming, I say, from one who is getting close upon or has passed his sixth *lustrum*, may as far as their sincerity is concerned, be looked upon with the same disposition to the sceptical as you would not fail to exhibit if a traveller were to tell you that he saw trees blazing away without being consumed, or rivers spouting jets of flaming gas as natural as the burners at a lord mayor’s dinner.

So also is it with woman, with woman especially—for, alas! woman never loves but once. A fair lady on the threshold of her third decade is not likely to think and feel and speak on the subject of love in the same way as she was accustomed to do some hundred and fifty moons before. Depend upon it she has not reached that period of life entirely unscathed. The whining and the wayward boy has not allowed her to pass altogether “in maiden meditation, fancy free.” And if after that age she does talk of flames and darts, &c. (except it be to her first love), I will not say that she is acting the hypocrite and attempting to deceive, but, alas, alas! it is much to be feared that she is deceiving herself. She is displaying a Bristol stone and calling it a diamond.

She is polishing pinchbeck, and trying to persuade herself that it is virgin gold. These distinctions borne in mind, much that is dark and mysterious in the writing of love letters will become clear as the noon-day.

In all the writings of antiquity there are only three instances in which the passions of an immortal are fairly disclosed to man—namely, in the love song of the Cyclops to the sea-nymph in Theocritus, in the lamentation of Venus and Adonis in Moschus, and in the more recent legend of Apuleius.

Poor old Polypheme! his love-makings were of so extraordinary and fantastic a character that they are worth dwelling on for a few moments.

In the eleventh idyl of Theocritus, Polypheme is represented sitting on a rock and pouring out a love ditty to the nymph Galatea. He certainly does, to use a vulgar expression, pitch it into her strong. A heart she must have had harder than the very flints of Etna to be able to resist such an assault and battery. Playful and plaintive, supplicatory and suasive, melancholy and menatory, each by turns is the one-eyed Lothario. The following is, in brief, the substance of this deep amorous threnody:—

He has loved her, long, long, long, a long time ago. He loved her when first he saw her coming from the sea with his mother, and hieing off to the mountain side to gather hyacinths, when he acted as her guide. He knows that he is ugly, very ugly—

—— “Not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass.”

A shaggy eye-brow stretches across the whole of his forehead, covering one eye, and a huge nostril protruding over his mouth renders kissing rather inconvenient. But still he keeps a thousand sheep, to whom he attends most assiduously, and his cheeses fail not either in the summer or the winter. He can play upon the pipe, and as for dancing none of the shepherds can compete with him. If he had fins he'd dive down to the bottom of the sea and kiss her dainty hand—take to her the white lily in summer, and in winter the red bells of the poppy. But his mother's in fault—(here he begins to grow irate)—who never put in a good word for him, but allowed him to ply his suit unaided and alone. After giving one more tune in this strain, he at length grows cool, and begins to threaten. There are other maids that would be glad to have such a well-to-do-in-the-world looking fellow as himself. “Another Galatea, oh, Polypheme!” he sings out, “you will find, perhaps still more beautiful.”

“Εἰρησεῖς Γαλάτειαν, ἴσως καὶ χαλλίον ἄλλαν.”

Mr. Chapman translates this line thus—

“A fairer Galatea you may find;  
Others are fair and all are not unkind.”

Let me suggest the following as an improvement:—

“There are maidens abroad, love, more lovely I deem,  
That would gladly be bride to the great Polypheme.”

I have no idea what might have been the age of Polypheme at the time, but of the genuineness of his passion there can be no doubt. And his melodious monologue modernised into a post-deluvian love letter, would run somehow thus:—

POLYPHEME CYCLOPS TO MISS GALATEA SEANYMPH.

My dearest Gal.,—You know not with what pains and tortures the heart of your faithful shepherd is distracted. The arrow of the little mischievous god has pierced right and deep into my midriff, and there it remains fixed—ay, fixed you well know, from the day I first set eyes upon your lovely face. Name the day, my adorable, and say when—oh, when, am I to be made happy—when are my pains and torments and anxieties to be at an end? I'll take you to Gretna-green—or even off to Hanover-square church, if you like it better. I have got quite enough to make us both happy. I have got flocks of sheep that I take

good care of, so that we can never want a leg of mutton for our dinner; and, oh, my little angel, if there should be any kids hereafter to be attended to, you will find that I shall not be wanting. Let me hear from you soon, my dearest love, for in truth I am in the midst of a fire that is day and night consuming me.

Your adorer, till death,

POLYPHEME.

Poor Polypheme! There is many an unfeathered biped who, under similar circumstances, would not have written half so sensible a letter.

Of the loves of Venus and Adonis, Sappho and Phaon, I shall now say nothing. Shakespere has done something to popularise the one, and Pope has lent the melodies of his immortal verse to sing the sorrow of the "Lesbian Maid."

With respect to Horace and Lydia, the curious reader will find in the ninth ode of the third book subject matter for a few tender and interesting little love epistles between the pair. Doubtless such *billet-doux* did pass, although, like many other precious relics, they have not come down to us with the stream of time.

Abelard and Heloise brings me naturally to a pause. In the one we behold, according to his own confession, a base, cold-hearted, designing, and deliberate seducer—a wretch who, scholar and philosopher though he was, scrupled not to have recourse to the basest artifices to obtain admission into the house of the Canon Fulbert—which, to use his own words, was something like the wolf getting admission into the fold, in order that he might have the greater facility for carrying his infamous designs into execution. In the other we behold a young and lovely female, the most beautiful and accomplished of her sex and times—great indeed must have been her beauty to have made such an impression on a man of Abelard's character or temperament. I recollect when, as a boy, this sad and tragical tale was first brought under my notice through means of Pope's magnificent poem. I pictured to myself Abelard, a man about the same age as, or at all events a very few years older than Heloise—young, handsome, and accomplished, but still preserving about him a certain seriousness of character and gravity of deportment, not assumed but real, which in the present day would be a certain passport to any music-teacher or writing-master at any of the houses at the West-end. I regarded Abelard, in fact, as a churchman, and as a grave and pious churchman, who would as soon have thought of laying siege to the heart of any young lady committed to his care, as he would have thought at that moment of making an assault upon the Vatican and attempting to overturn the Pope himself. Great was my astonishment to find that he was old enough to be poor Heloise's father, and that the whole affair was planned and concocted beforehand, with as much care as Jonathan Wild or Jack Sheppard ever laid their plans for any of their great robberies. And yet, like that same Jack Sheppard, Abelard must have been a man of most attractive power to win the heart of such a woman as Heloise, for win it he did, as all her letters to him, subsequent to the shocking catastrophe, abundantly prove. The whole story, however, is so well known that I will not dwell upon it further, save to give one extract from a letter of Abelard's, *a con ami*, in which he confesses his guilt, and another, a brief one from a letter of Heloise, in which she shows not only a woman's weakness, but the unchangeable enduringness of woman's love.

In a new edition of "The Letters of Abelard and Heloise," published in 1839, and to which is prefixed an historical essay by Guizot, I find Abelard, in a letter to a friend, speaking thus:—

"Pour tout dire en un mot nous fumes reunis d'abord pour la memé toit, ensuite par le cœur. Sous le pretexte de l'étude nous étions tout entiers à l'amour. Sou de tous les regards, l'amour s'applan dessus de nos retraits studieuses. Les livres étaient, ouvres mais il y avait plus de paroles d'amour que de leçons de sagesse, plus de baisers que de maximes; mais mains revenaient plus souvent au sein d'Heloise que à nos livres; l'amour se reflexchait dans

nos yeux plus souvent, que le lecture ne les dirigeait sur les pages savantes des auteurs."

Poor, cold-hearted, miserable confession! Let us now turn to the letters of Heloise, and see what she has to say. Here they are, fresh and glowing from the mint of love itself:—

"Cher, cher, vous le savez et personne ne l'ignore en vous perdant j'ai tout perdu: le crime infame qui nous a rari a ma tendresse m'a aussi en levée a moi meme; mais en sorgeant a vous la grandeur de ma perte s'efface encore dans l'incomparable douleur que je resous de vous avoir ainsi perdu."

And again—

"Que je vous ou conte oper—et pourtant je sais bien innocent, vous le savez. La crime, n'est par dans le fait\* mais dans l'intention."

Poor Heloise! Every one pities her, and so saying I shall leave her for the present.

A jump—a tremendous jump—over some four or five centuries—a hundred years don't make much difference—brings me to Henry VIII. and Anna Bullen.

"What!" says the reader, "a love letter from bluff old Hal? Why the thing is impossible; I would as soon expect to find a diamond in a pig-trough, or to meet a bed of blooming roses on the top of Mont Blanc!" Ay, but it is even so. *Uxoricide* though he was, yet in the love-makings of the royal Blue Beard there was no slight admixture of tenderness and refinement. When once the flame was kindled in his soul, this man of many wives could play the part of Petrarch in prose to perfection, and address the object of his choice in a strain of the most devoted and romantic adoration. In some of his more devoted epistles one can almost imagine that he hears him exclaiming to the poor victim over whom, vulture-like, he is hovering only to destroy—

"How could I fairly bend the knee  
And turn idolator to thee."

Poor Anna Bullen! He once addressed her as his "mistress and friend," his "entirely beloved," his "darling," his "own darling," his "sweetheart;" and yet with what callous brutal insensibility did he give over her "little neck" to the axe of the executioner.

Of all the letters which Henry VIII. addressed to Anna Bullen seventeen are extant. Of these, eight are written in English and nine in French. According to Miss Strickland's account these letters were stolen from Anna Bullen in the close of the year 1528. In the account of Cherbury it is stated that they were stolen from the king's closet. It is, however, much more likely that they were taken from the lady to whom they were addressed. She would naturally have kept them in her possession; and it is much more probable, therefore, that it was from her apartments they were abstracted. Be this, however, as it may, and it is, indeed, of little importance, they were by some means or other conveyed to Rome and deposited in the Vatican library. The victories of Buonaparte in Italy in 1796-7 left the Pope at his mercy, and amongst the trophies demanded by the republican general were five hundred manuscripts, to be selected by French commissioners. The letters of Henry VIII. were amongst the number. They afterwards remained in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* in Paris, till the battle of Waterloo crushed for ever the power of Napoleon, and compelled France to disgorge the treasures of art and literature of which she had plundered every nation in Europe.

The letters appear to have been written after Anna Bullen had been sent away from court. This dismissal the historical reader will recollect was in consequence of some reports which began to be circulated injurious to her reputation. The king repented his harshness, and strove to persuade her to come back, but it was a long time before he could induce her to comply.

The old *dear-slayer*—the lady-killer—certainly expresses himself apparently

\* Livy makes Brutus use almost the same words to Lucretia.



in terms of the most devoted sincerity. A stranger would almost believe the battered old *beau* to be in earnest.

As the correspondence can be found elsewhere, one or two brief extracts will suffice. I am only too anxious to prove and illustrate my position that love letters written after a certain age are all—vials of moonshine.

One of the earlier letters runs thus:—

“My Mistress and Friend,—My heart and I surrender ourselves unto your hands, beseeching you to hold us commended to your favours, and that by absence your affection to us may not be lessened; for it would be a great pity to increase our pain, of which absence produces enough and more than I could ever have thought could be felt, reminding us of a point in astronomy which is thus:—the longer the days are the more distant is the sun and, nevertheless, the hotter; so it is with our love, and yet by absence it retains its fervour—at least on my side.” With this letter he sends her his picture set in bracelets.

In the fourth letter he says that he has been stricken for a whole year with the dart of love, and tells her that if she will give herself up to him, not only the name will be given to her, but he will take her for his only mistress, casting off all others besides.

As he proceeds he waxes still hotter, and addresses her thus:—

“Darling,—As touching our other affairs I assure you there can be no more done or more diligence used, nor all manner of dangers better both foreseen and provided, for so that I trust it shall hereafter be to both our comforts.”

In another letter he says that he sends her a buck killed with his own hands, and hopes when she is eating it she will think of the hunter.

She certainly had good reason, afterwards, to know how well able he was to hunt a *dear* to death. I shall finish this paper with

#### NAPOLÉON AND JOSEPHINE.

Stand forth now, hero of Marengo and of Austerlitz, and let us see what you can do in the way of love-letter writing—how you can play, at the same time, the part of the lover and the hypocrite.

In the year 1833 a work appeared from the pen of Queen Hortense, the wife of Louis, then ex-king of Holland, and mother of the present Louis Napoleon. This Hortense was the daughter of Josephine, by her first husband, the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnois; and hence the relationship between the present Louis and the emperor is closer than that between the latter and any other of the nephews. Napoleon, in fact, was not only the uncle of the present President of the French Republic, but his great step-father likewise:—that is, the step-father of his mother. The object of the work, on the part of Hortense, was to vindicate the memory of her mother. Whether she succeeded in doing so or not is beside my present purpose. The work, at all events, contains some very curious letters, addressed by Napoleon to Josephine, during the Italian campaign, as well as for some years subsequently. As my space is limited I must confine myself to a few brief extracts.

Let me observe first that Napoleon was married to Josephine in March, 1796. He first met her, then a widow, at a party at Talliens.\* Some accounts state that he was quite smitten with the beauty of the “sunburnt coquettish brunette.” Others assert that it was entirely a marriage of prudence. Certain it is, however, that he was appointed to the command of the army in Italy on the very day that the marriage took place. And this was managed by the influence of Barras, a friend of Josephine’s.

The first letter written from Italy is dated 18th July, 1796, four months after the marriage, and runs thus—

“I am very uneasy to know how you are—what you are doing. I have been

\* The Honourable Mr. Smythe, in his “Historic Fancies,” gives a brief but beautifully graphic and poetic description of the first meeting of Napoleon and Josephine.

in the village of Virgil—on the shores of his lake—by a silvery moonshine, and not a word without thinking of Josephine."

The next day he writes in a still warmer strain—

"A thousand kisses as burning as my heart—as pure as you. I sent for the courier, he told me that he had seen you, and that you told him you had no commands for him. Oh, fie—naughty—ugh! cruel, tyrannical, pretty little monster! You laugh at my threats—at my folly. Ah! you know that if I could put you into my heart, you should remain there in prison."

On the 17th September following, he thus writes from Mona—

"I write, my dear love, very often, and you hardly ever. You are naughty, ugly, as frightful as faithless (*laide autant que legere*). It is shocking to deceive a poor husband so. Must he lose his rights because he is absent, overwhelmed with business, fatigue, and trouble? Without his Josephine—without the certainty of her love, what remains for him on earth? How could he live in this world? We had yesterday a very bloody affair—the enemy suffered considerably, and was completely beaten. We have taken the Faubourg of Mantua. Adieu, my adorable Josephine! One of these nights I shall force open your door, as if I were jealous, and then am I in your arms. *Mille baisers amoureux.*"

In November of the same year he writes thus from Verona:—

"No, I don't love you at all—no, I don't love you at all—on the contrary, I detest you. You are ugly, awkward, stupid—a very cinder wench. You don't write to me. You don't love your husband. You know the pleasure he takes in you, and yet you won't throw away six lines on him. What are you about, madam, all day?" He goes on then to speak of a lover that he suspects she has got, and concludes by saying that he will surprise her some night, and give her kisses burning as under the Equator.

Now the question is, was Napoleon, in those declarations of love, sincere? A careless reader might, perhaps, think that he was. To one, however, who looks a little deeper than the surface, I have no doubt that the affair will appear in a very different light. The fact is, the theory is overdone—the deception is too transparent. The light, boyish, frivolous strain in which the letters are written is not that which any man would have adopted towards a wife whom he really loved, and to whom he had been only recently married. There is nothing in them that marks the mutual respect and affection which dignify and bless the married state. On the contrary, they are filled with the most absurd puerilities—puerilities which he ought to have been ashamed to have addressed even to his mistress. No—no—he was not sincere; he was playing a part, and Josephine even then saw through it. Hence the state of grief and despondence into which she subsequently fell.

On the 16th September, 1807, I find Napoleon the Emperor writing thus from Warsaw:—

"I am grieved at what I hear of your spirits. Why in tears?—why in grief? I shall soon return—never doubt my affection. If you wish to be still dearer to me show some courage and strength of mind. I am mortified to think that my wife can distrust my distances."

This letter certainly shows something like a feeling of remorse. Poor Josephine's tears, perhaps, had made him feel that he had not treated her as well as he ought to have done.

In the November following he thus writes again from Warsaw:—

"Talleyrand is just arrived, and tells me, my dear (*mon amie*) that you do nothing but weep. What can be the matter? You have your daughter, your grandchildren, and good news. This is surely enough to make you happy. The weather is magnificent—not one drop of rain has fallen during the whole campaign. I am very well, and everything goes right. Adieu, my love!"

Poor Josephine! She wept because she saw the cloud that was impending. There was no little Julius to play about in the halls, and to promise that some-

thing more than a barren sceptre would be placed in the gripe of the hero-father, who was then gathering his laurels in a foreign land.

After all, I may be doing Napoleon wrong. It is not improbable that he loved Josephine quite as much as he was capable of loving any woman. She was, however, be it recollected, a middle-aged lady when he married her, and he himself only twenty-seven.

That he entertained a great esteem for Josephine, even, perhaps—I may say, an affection—there can be no doubt. But to look upon the ridiculous and extravagant rubbish contained in the letters I have quoted as the genuine expression of his real feelings would be as absurd as if one were to mistake a caricature for a picture, or passages from the wildest travesty for the beauties of the original poem. The travestied and exaggerated style of the letters in fact bear about as much resemblance to the language of real passion as the quasi-classical feast with which the Doctor in "Peregrine Pickle" turned the stomach of his guest does to a well-appointed dinner at Long's or the Clarendon, under the direction of the renowned Soyer himself.

Am I not right, then, in saying that Napoleon wrote those letters with a vizor on—that he was assuming a virtue which he had not—that, in one word, he was playing the hypocrite?

So is it, I fear, in most cases. Young love, young love!—thou art indeed a glorious heritage, but, alas! along the shores of thy beauteous land the glittering fragments of many a lovely wreck bear witness to—

"Come, my dear, this will never do; it's past six; dinner is ready—and the Jenkines are in the drawing-room, and Bilberry has sent in the champagne—and you have got to dress. Do put those papers aside and come along."

"Bless me, have I been all those hours at this trifle!"

---

## PENCILLINGS OF POESY.

By FANNY E. LACY.

THE Poet mused in his silent room,  
At the deepening twilight hour;  
And all around was veil'd in gloom,  
Save the Poet's heaven-wrought power:  
For a Spirit, on its celestial wings,  
Bore in ecstatic thrall  
His spirit through darkness and earthly things,  
To a glory above them all.  
Inspired mortal! when such the worth  
Of the gift that God hath given,  
Waste not the lamp in the ways of earth,  
Bestowed as thy guide to heaven.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

## THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

HENRY VI. AND EDWARD IV.

MANKIND is ever prone to associate the romantic with the real : and that which is singular and wonderful always impresses itself upon the mind much more rapidly, much more forcibly, than events of ordinary occurrence. Hence it is that the life of Joan of Arc possesses such magical interest—an interest which inevitably becomes linked with the career of every individual who has played a strange part, or accomplished a mighty work. Historians have dilated more or less on her exploits and achievements—they have delighted to extol her virtues, to admire her heroism, and to deplore her ignominious death. Closely allied, however, with Henry's life, was the war of "the Roses," a subject which is not altogether devoid of some romantic incidents, but which, on the other hand, is full of scenes the most dreadful—of struggles the most sanguinary. These two events seemed to have so happened as intentionally to preclude the English from establishing their sway over the French nation. And heartily thankful should every Briton be that his countrymen failed in accomplishing what so many of his sovereigns longed to achieve. Not only might conclusive evidence be adduced, did space permit, to show the insignificant advantages reaped from the victories of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, but good reasons might be given to prove that the loss of our territories and the failure of our arms in France, eventually conferred upon us an immense benefit. And to whom should this result be attributed ? We feel an honest pride in saying, to Joan of Arc, the rescuer of her native land from the hated English power, and the heaven-inspired maid of the obscure village of Domremy. Let us sink all national prejudices ; let us forget the reverses we suffered at her hands ; and let us, in common with all lovers of liberty, consider that the same principle animated the bosom of Alfred and Washington, of Wallace and Hampden, of Owen Glendower and Joan of Arc. If, therefore, we speak harshly, or traduce the character of one patriot, the censure applies to all : for all are the champions of the same cause—all are the advocates of freedom. With regard to the results which flowed from what is termed the wars of "the Roses," it is somewhat difficult to state an opinion briefly and accurately. That the transference of the sovereignty from the Lancastrians to the Yorkists did not subserve the public good so fully as was anticipated, is beyond question ; yet we do not go so far as to allege that the change was productive of no benefit. Some advantages must arise from every revolution, whether it be a national or a social one ; but it is another thing whether those advantages might not have been obtained at a less sacrifice : or whether they might not have arisen in the natural order of events ; apart from bloodshed, and the host of other evils inseparably connected with such a revolution as that which dethroned Henry VI. We must, however, proceed to other matters.

The critical position in which Henry V. left his dominions, his conquests, the restless spirit of his brothers, and the minority of his successor, were elements from which a tranquil reign could scarcely be expected. The very circumstances that rendered the former monarch popular and powerful proved a stumbling block and an impediment to the present administration. Nor could it well be otherwise. The infant Henry VI. could exercise no control over the state ; the im-

becile French king resigned his crown to Charles VII., his more vigorous, able son, who though opposed by English generals of established celebrity, augmented his troops and, aided by Scotch allies, drove the invaders from his ancestral territories. Gradually but surely were they driven from the land—no *amor patriæ* compelled the English to remain in Gaul; while their opponents, thirsting to avenge the defeats formerly sustained, and led by the martial maid of Domremy, regained their liberty, and exterminated the enemy. Truly they deserved victory; our countrymen had no right to trespass into France, and seek to annex that kingdom to their own. Their inordinate ambition, or rather that of their leaders, was crushed by the accession of Henry VI. His long and melancholy life, so full of vicissitude, so characterised by weakness, comprehends a period of about fifty years, surpassed by none in party struggles, the mere offspring of jealousy, intrigue, and ambition. They were caused by no noble motives—they were distinguished by no redeeming features. With England in tranquillity, but France in a disturbed, unquiet state, indicative of a dark future, the young king was proclaimed sovereign of these two countries, in August, 1422, soon after his father's death. During Henry's minority it was of course necessary that a protector should be appointed; a post which was confided to his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, a man eminently adapted to fulfil the important functions of the state. His education, in the opinion of Parliament, was a matter of no less moment, who entrusted it to two of his relatives, the Duke of Exeter and the Bishop of Winchester. The first few years of his life contain in themselves nothing of general interest. He was sovereign only in name, and could therefore take no part in the various Continental events and domestic disturbances which darkened that period. The nature of his mind was peculiarly averse to action, while the intrigues of his uncles and those in office, tended to deprive him of any share in the government, even had he sought, as age and experience qualified him, to participate in the duties attaching to his position.

The history of the times is very deficient in information respecting the young king—other matters of great public importance seemed to have held the pre-eminence. While military enterprises were being vigorously carried on in France, several private disputes between the royal nobles marred the general peace. At this early stage the pretensions of the rival house of York were advanced, but of course did not receive that attention which subsequent years awarded to them. Towards the end of 1428 the aspect of French affairs promised a successful termination to England's gigantic operations there; for some months previously the invaders had followed up their advantages with untiring zeal, and they hopefully looked forward to the capture of Orleans—a conquest which would have enabled them to retain possession of the whole dominions. The siege of that city was accordingly commenced—a large number of troops were assembled, and success seemed certain; when a singular form of deliverance appeared in the heroine Joan, who informed Charles VII. that she had received commands from Heaven to rescue her country from the English sway. Some writers have attributed her interposition to the policy and exertions of the French monarch, and not only have deprived her of the fair renown she so richly deserved, but stigmatised her character as embodying the arts of sorcery and witchcraft. That such a supposition is unfounded, and the mere result of prejudice—that she actually achieved successes superior to those of the ablest generals of the day, may be satisfactorily proved. In the first place, Jeanne d'Arc was a girl of intense religious feeling, ardent, and enthusiastic; a decided royalist, and a warm lover of her native land. In her retired village home she mused over the desolate state of France; the declining power of Charles VII.; the rapid inroads of the victorious English; and, with a resolution at once indicative of a powerful and patriotic mind, she hastened to Paris, to demand troops with which to rescue her forlorn sovereign and defeated countrymen. Her high moral character, the purity of which no one has succeeded in impugning, the singular nature of her request, so unlikely to secure the triumph she



promised to achieve, her revelations and commands from Heaven, filled the French court with surprise; they floated on the wings of hope and despondency; but their affairs were desperate, and admitted of no delay. Gladly, therefore, did they at last accede to the maid's wishes, and provide her with the means of assailing the enemy. Mounted on a white charger, the emblem of her own chastity, and attired in armour, she led a small body of well-appointed troops to the siege of Orleans. Her presence operated in a two-fold manner: it inspired her countrymen with enthusiasm, and it dismayed the English so much that both generals and soldiers, as if panic struck, abandoned the place and left it in the undisputed possession of Joan of Arc. Her first enterprise was thus marked with success; her second, though of less magnitude, met with a similar result—she everywhere received a large measure of popularity, and soon after the conquest of Orleans, her predictions were further realised by Charles's coronation, in the Cathedral of Rheims, on the 17th of July, 1430. That was a happy, joyous day for this military heroine; but though her mission was nearly accomplished, and though every event had terminated auspiciously, she longed for the retirement of her native village, where she could undisturbedly indulge her religious enthusiasm, and reflect over her brilliant, strange career. Yet the king could ill spare her—no one possessed such an influence over the soldiery as the maiden Joan—under her banners they never anticipated defeat—she resembled Napoleon in the unbounded confidence reposed in her power. Short was the interval between her triumph and her suffering. She was treacherously made prisoner by the enemy on the 25th of May; who, too glad to have at length seized that which had proved almost their ruin, resolved on sacrificing her life. No accusation, save that of being an heretic, could be imputed to her; but even the charge of heresy was found untenable; so that she was indicted for witchcraft, and consigned to the flames on the 30th of May, 1431.\* The entire proceedings were harsh and unjustifiable—the punishment cruel and unmerited: and though they may be palliated, yet a stigma will ever rest on the English name. There is no occasion to enter into the matter, further than to say that every impartial person will acquit her of all base unworthy motives in assuming the garb and performing the actions of a military heroine; and, at the same time, blame the French king, whom, in common with the whole nation, she so much benefited, for making no efforts towards her restoration, nor yet evincing that they appreciated her actions. It was not her lot to receive admiration while she lived—time was needed to give a new colour to her patriotic exertions, in order to allow all ideas of sorcery and witchcraft to explode, so that subsequent and more enlightened ages might render justice to her extraordinary achievements. She accomplished on a large scale what Charlotte Corday did on a small scale: the one encountered her country's foes on the battle-field, and vanquished them—the other cut short the career of the man who would in his turn have caused the blood of thousands to roll down and redden the guillotine: the former adopted the warrior garb, in accordance with the customs of the day, the latter, with equal calculation and forethought, assumed the assassin's guise, and struck a dagger into the heart of Marat, the inhuman monster!†

\* "It is memorable and beautiful, that amid the rude comrades by whom on this long journey (to Orleans) she was surrounded, the awe of her sanctity and enthusiasm was such that, by the testimony of the very gentlemen and squires, she subdued and purified even their imaginations to reverence her virgin holiness. \* \* \* When it was announced to her that she was to be burned, she wept with piteous agony. When at the scaffold a bitter and calumnious accusation was read to her,—she answered nothing, but asked for a crucifix. The last word she uttered was the name of the Saviour."—*Stirling's Essays*.

† There is a rather singular letter quoted by Rapin, said to have been written by Joan of Arc just before the siege of Orleans. It was addressed to the English monarch, and is as follows:—

"Do justice to the King of Heaven in his royal blood. Restore to the virgin the keys

In the meanwhile, the unsatisfactory position into which the English affairs on the Continent had relapsed filled the Government with mingled feelings of surprise and regret: surprise, that success should have been achieved by the Maid of Orleans; regret, that their recent conquests should be wrested out of their hands. Henry was, of course, too young to participate in these events: he had not yet left the amusements and sports of boyhood; neither was he of a disposition such as to render him precocious and fond of the excitement of a bustling life. He was quiet, inactive, but rather contemplative, pleased with retirement, heedless of the high rank which surrounded him, and thoughtless as to the cares which were looming through the distance. Perhaps it was well he never dreamed of the future—or if he did, it is probable that, like most children, he invested it with a beauty and attractiveness such only as youthful minds can picture to their imaginations. The prophetic gift would in his case have sadly darkened his early years, and deprived him of the only period of life which, perhaps, he ever thoroughly enjoyed. But notwithstanding his youth and retiring character, the Government, thinking that the ceremony might be productive of good, resolved that his coronation should be performed in France as well as in England. It therefore took place in London in November, 1429, and at Paris in December, 1430, about four months before the Maid of Orleans perished amidst the flames, and at the time during which she was suffering for her heroic deeds in a cold, dreary, prison-house. The young king had arrived in France in the preceding April, and remained there nearly two years. These expensive and useless coronation pageants served but little to revive the declining arms of his people; they had received a blow; the effects of which were fatal in at length destroying their vaunted sway over the French dominions; and in the primitive language of the Duke of Bedford, “all things prospered with you, till the tyne of the seage of Orleans, taken in hand God knoweth by what advice.” Yet, though an inevitable result, it did not flow immediately from the successes of Joan of Arc: for several events occurred between that period and the extinction of the English power, which largely contributed to complete what she auspiciously commenced. Charles at first improved his victories with much vigour, his people aided him; while, on the other hand, the most powerful of the foreign allies of Henry’s army sided with their countrymen. The Duke of Bedford, a man of great capacity, both in civil and military affairs, was but feebly supported in the means requisite to carry on the war; and

of all the good cities you have forced. She is come from God to demand the blood royal, and is ready to make peace, if you are willing to do justice and restore what you have taken away. King of England, if you will not do thus, I am chief of the war. In what place soever I find your men in France, I will make them depart, whether they will or no. If they will submit, I will take them to mercy. The virgin comes from the King of Heaven, to drive you out of France. If you will not obey, she will make such a havoc as has not been known in France these thousand years. And be assured, the King of Heaven will send to her and her good men-at-arms greater strength than you can have. Go in God’s name into your own country. Persist not obstinately in your opinion, for you shall not hold France of the King of Heaven, Son of the Holy Mary. But King Charles the right heir shall possess it, to whom God has given it, and he shall enter Paris with a noble train. You William De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, John Lord Talbot, Thomas Lord Scales, Lieutenants of the Duke of Bedford, and you Duke of Bedford, stiling yourself Regent of France, spare innocent blood. Leave Orleans at liberty. If you do not justice to those you have injured, the French will perform the noblest exploit that ever was done in Christendom. Hear this advice from God and the Virgin.”

It is scarcely necessary to observe that not one-half of the predictions contained in this letter were fulfilled. Joan never made “such a havoc as has not been known in France this thousand years,” nor did the French “perform the noblest exploit that ever was done in Christendom.” Like most great and earnest minds, she was too sanguine of success, while her religious feelings were so intense that they bordered somewhat on fanaticism. That part of her letter where she conjures the Duke of Bedford to “spare innocent blood—leave Orleans at liberty,” is the reflection of an enlarged humanity, at once worthy of the woman who wrote it, and the nation of which she was the ornament.

lastly, when a crisis had arrived, which called for his superior powers to extricate the English from a mass of threatening difficulties, the hand of death removed him from the scene of contest. His name was celebrated both in his native land and in the French dominions; no general had represented England with greater ability, or committed fewer errors than the Duke of Bedford. A singular circumstance is recorded, well worthy of mention. His tomb in Rouen Cathedral was often visited by illustrious personages, among whom was Louis XI. (son of Charles VII.), who, spurning the idea which his courtiers suggested, that the existence of the duke's monument was a dishonour to the French nation, and urging its demolition, said, "No: let the ashes of a prince rest in peace, who were he alive, would make the boldest of us tremble; I rather wish a more stately monument were erected to his honour."

In the meanwhile, the young king's restless, potent uncles, with no superior mind to control their ambitious projects, rendered the English court a scene of contention and dispute, not less derogatory to their own dignity than prejudicial to the general good. There were two powerful parties, both striving to secure the protectorship of the country; both aware of each other's designs, and both striving to injure the respective interests. Before long, too, a third actor appeared on the stage; a person designing, clever, and fond of authority, the Princess Margaret of Anjou, the queen of Henry VI. The marriage was celebrated at Southwick, in Hampshire, on the 22nd of April, 1344, shortly after which she came to London, and was there crowned. She immediately attached herself to the court party; was their leader and most able supporter; the adviser of her husband, and the chief mover in all the state affairs. Arrayed against her section was Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the most learned man of his age, of vigorous intellectual endowments, and well versed in the world's knowledge. Such a person was, of course, a mighty obstacle to the views of the queen and her allies: they knew in an open contest they would be vanquished, and therefore resolved to accomplish by strategy what they could not by force. Their ungenerous efforts succeeded in removing Gloucester, who died so suddenly, that it was currently believed unfair means caused his decease. But although one enemy had disappeared, another arose, more formidable in his pretensions, established as they were by his claim to the crown of England, and supported by a considerable proportion of the people. He enjoyed a popularity to which Margaret was quite a stranger; his conduct was prudent and conciliatory; while her policy, and that of her party, based on favouritism and tyranny, alienated rather than soothed the public mind. The disasters that attended the British arms in France, tended not only to cast discredit on the Government, and lessen its power, but to set men thinking how they could remedy these evils, and restore the sinking fortunes of their country. No mode seemed more feasible, than allying themselves with the Duke of York, who manifested an earnest wish to guide the sceptre rightly and ably. The English generally still regarded Henry with much affection, but they knew that so long as he reigned no relief could be obtained from Margaret's arbitrary jurisdiction. One of the most notorious events connected with these times was the insurrection, headed by Jack Cade, an Irishman, who at the instigation of the duke, personated York's ancestor, the Earl of March, by means of which the pretender considered his designs might be materially promoted. It is unnecessary to advert further to these movements, than to say that had Cade been as prudent and able as he was popular, Henry must soon have vacated the throne in favour of the Duke of York.

Like a fire that has smouldered and heated itself to such an extent that the least breath of air makes it burst into flames, so the malcontent party needed only the least provocation from Henry to justify themselves in commencing open hostilities; and as the war in France engrossed less attention, so the disputes of the rival houses of York and Lancaster became more animated and more sanguinary. Their respective ensigns were a white and a red rose; the two parties were well matched, and fully determined to defend their own rights. Before,

however, the war, popularly designated as that of the *Roses*, began to rage; Henry was taken ill, and suffered more or less from indisposition during the rest of his life. The first engagement occurred at St. Albans, on the 23rd of May, 1453, in which the forces of the Duke of York defeated the king's: but though so far successful, he was content to stay further proceedings until affairs had reached a more favourable crisis. Yet in the meanwhile the queen and her party, grieved to witness the loss they had thus sustained, made preparations for another struggle, as well as sought to crush the duke's augmenting influence over the people. Unfortunately, both she and Henry were regarded as hostile to the public good, more especially Margaret, who carried everything her own way, and in the choice of her ministers exhibited such a lamentable deficiency of prudence, and such a carelessness of the people's wishes, that ere long she became quite obnoxious. An attempt was made to arrange all differences, and a conference took place in London for the purpose of coming to some amicable conclusion, but mutual distrust proved an insuperable obstacle to the suspension of hostilities, and the experience of every day served to show that these disputes would never be settled excepting at the point of the sword. The royalists were shortly afterwards defeated at Blore Heath—a victory which York thought would justify him in at once laying claim to the throne; but when the demand was communicated to Henry, he denied the duke's right, and added:—"My father was king; his father was also king; I have worn the crown forty years from my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the like to my fathers; how, then, can my right be disputed?" Scarcely, however, was the question of right agitated, when the Yorkists were defeated by the queen's troops at Wakefield on the 31st of December, 1460, and their leader killed—a loss which was immediately and ably supplied by his son, the Earl of March, who hastened from Wales with a considerable army to avenge his father's death. At first he met with little success, but quickly recovering his misfortune, he marched to London, and was there declared king, under the name of Edward IV. He was proclaimed on the 4th of March, 1461, on which day Henry's reign may be said to terminate. The latter was uninfluenced by this reverse in fortune: he met it with a composure and acquiescence accountable only on the plea of his mental imbecility. He trusted implicitly to Margaret, and was content to follow where she led. But though he cared nothing about the State, and the recovery of his dominions, she was ambitious to see the Lancastrian line again in power: she took temporary refuge in the North, where a large number of the royalist partisans lived, with the view of encountering Edward, and making one more struggle for the English crown. He, too, found it necessary to defend his authority by the force of arms, and no sooner had he assumed the royal dignity than circumstances induced him to march his troops and give battle to Henry and his military queen. Their defeat at Towton, near York, on the 30th of March, temporarily quelled the Lancastrian revolts; but sanguinary and decisive as that engagement was, the masculine-minded Margaret trusted herself on several future occasions to the revolutions of Fortune's fickle wheel. The vicissitudes experienced by the ex-royal family and their adherents during the rest of Henry's life, present us with a picture melancholy and startling. The king and queen fled from the gory field of Towton to Scotland; the former, with only four attendants, remained at Kirkcudbright; while the latter, with her son, went to Edinburgh, and from thence to France, to seek aid with which to re-assert her rights. There she spent about two years, but met with little success. On her return she encountered Edward near Hexham, in Northumberland: her border troops, few in numbers, yet animated with fiery zeal, withstood the enemy with uncommon resolution, but were forced to submit. Henry again took refuge amidst the inaccessible frontiers of Scotland—glad to avail himself of such secure retreats, where none but native troops could penetrate, and where the people's allegiance afforded him a safer asylum than in England. Edward was at the same time apprehensive of Margaret: he knew her disposition; the spirited warlike cha-

acter of her mind, and resolved to conclude a truce with the Scotch, in order to cut off the ex-monarch's last secure asylum. He succeeded, and Henry, with an opacity altogether inexplicable, passed into his opponent's dominions, under the foolish supposition that he might there remain unknown. It is hardly necessary to add that he was at once recognised—led prisoner (25th May, 1464) to London, loaded with every mark of ignominy, and conducted to the Tower, to spend the rest of his wretched existence. His queen shared a less pitiable fate: she repaired again to France, in the hope of making another struggle for the Lancastrian supremacy. The history of the next few years is somewhat confused—Edward seems to have offended the Earl of Warwick, one of his most powerful nobles, who formed and executed the design of reinstating the imprisoned monarch on the throne, and so cleverly did he manage the matter that Henry was actually reinvested with the regal office. Brief was his triumph, however—Warwick and his adherents were defeated at Barnet, on the 14th of April, 1471, just before the arrival of Margaret with some soldiers she had procured from France, who were in their turn doomed to be conquered by the already victory-flushed Yorkist forces. The battle of Tewkesbury (14th May, 1471) was the last in which that singularly martial woman was engaged—the last which occurred during Henry's life, and the final triumph of Edward IV. The news of the victory had scarcely reached that unfortunate prince in his dreary abode in the Tower, when he expired, on the 23rd of May, borne down with grief at the losses his partisans had recently sustained. Though some historians represent that he died a violent death, others affirm the contrary, and the weight of evidence certainly preponderates on the side of the latter. His decease excited little commiseration: his career having been so retired, so inoffensive, so uncongenial with the national spirit, that he gained no adherents from his personal qualities, but simply from his position as king. Rapin says: "his body was brought in an open coffin on the 29th May (1471), through Cornhill, with a great company of armed men to St. Paul's Church, where it was exposed for one whole day to public view. The next day it was removed to the Blackfriars; and thence, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, conveyed to the monastery of Chertsey, in Surrey; but it was afterwards removed by Edward IV., or, according to others, by Richard III., in the second year of his reign, to Windsor, and there buried."

A mournful tale is the life of Henry VI.: a tale remarkable in kingly annals: full of incidents in which he acted no part, and commemorative of a reign long in point of time, but reflective of no glory on the monarch himself. His whole career was unworthy of his illustrious predecessor. Elevated to a throne, and placed over a prosperous country, when infancy rendered him useless; he yet lived to witness his own weakness, when maturer years should have taught him the duties of an English sovereign. In his early days, too, he neglected to cultivate those qualities which would have subsequently enabled him wisely to wield the imperial sceptre: he sought for his creed of government and code of legislation in retirement and indolence, instead of in the busy haunts of man—amidst his courtiers and his army. Piece by piece, and bit by bit, the Continental territories acquired by his father, the warlike Henry V., eluded his grasp—and what the supernatural endowments of Joan of Arc achieved, the superiority of the English troops (if judiciously commanded) might well have rivalled. But these circumstances admit of ready explanation; he was never formed to govern—he had none of the attributes of royalty. He was better adapted to follow than to guide: to live in quietude and harmless pursuits than to lead soldiers to the battle-field, to unravel the knots of intrigue, to mix with men keen and clever, powerful and ambitious. But whatever were his failings in this respect, they were fully supplied by Queen Margaret, a woman whose character largely partook of those qualities usually found in the opposite sex. She was the principal support of his tottering administration—and led the way in which he was content to follow, neither questioning nor opposing her actions. It would be difficult to find a more



heroic struggle—blackened, of course, by some crimes—than that in which she was engaged in defence of the Lancastrian dynasty. And to all her efforts Henry lent but a feeble hand—she was the moving spirit: he, the helpless representative of royalty. Had the regal diadem reposed on her masculine brow, might not her administration have rivalled that of Elizabeth—might it not have reflected a degree of glory on the name of Margaret of Anjou, such as never hovered round that of Henry VI.? The latter, with his retiring disposition, his limited intellectual capacity, and his religious partialities, might not have unfitly fulfilled the sacred functions belonging to the Roman Catholic clergy: whose occupations, though humble and uniform, would have been in unison with his character: whose narrow creed would have accorded with his child-like mind, and the even tenor of whose way would have exempted him from the jarring discords, the weighty cares of sovereignty. He would never have been a Loyola, or a Gregory VII., but he might worthily have discharged the duties of the Catholic fraternity. Even in the Tower\* he was content—nay, cheerful—he neither sighed for a throne nor dreamt of revenge. This inward tranquillity, however, did not arise from the philosophical character of his mind, but from his intellectual poverty—disease and cares had no doubt impaired his faculties, and rendered him somewhat insensible to the ordinary feelings of men, when divested of power and treated with a cold indifference approaching to harshness. Shakspeare has, in a few words, truthfully represented Henry's dejected state, in one of the Lancastrian and Yorkist struggles, when victory was rewarding the prowess of the latter forces; and seated on an eminence, from which he could see the result of the battle, he exclaimed—

“Would I were dead! If God's good will were so:  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
Oh, God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain.”

Such is an outline of Henry VI.; such are the circumstances which chequered his reign and cast a gloom over his life. But though as a monarch he did nothing worthy of high commendation, yet he was a virtuous man, a good husband, and a peaceable, just ruler. These are qualities to which every king cannot lay claim—nor should they be despised even in a sovereign so imperfect and so feeble as Henry. They serve to diminish his failings while they

\* A curious account of the charges incurred for Henry's maintenance in the Tower, and in connection with his death, is recorded by an old writer. The passages are as follow:—“To Robert Cosyn in money to him delivered for robes, beds, and other necessaries provided for the said Henry being within the Tower, *x. li.* To Robert Ratcliff and William Sayer, Esquires, in money to them delivered, namely, at one time, *vi. li. ix. s. vi. d.*, as well for their wages and support, as for the wages and maintenance of thirty-six other persons abiding in the Tower for the safe custody of the said Henry for seven days, each receiving *vi. d.* per day: and at another time *x. s.* for the maintenance of the said Henry for the time aforesaid. To William Sayer *iii. s. x. d.* for the diet of the said Henry for two days.” \* \* \* “To Hugh Brice, in money to him delivered for such monies by him paid for clergy, linen cloth, spices, and other ordinary expenses, laid out and disbursed about the burial of Henry at Windsor; and for the wages and rewards of diverse men carrying torches from the Tower to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, and thence to Chertsey with the body, *xv. li. iii. s. vi. d.* To Master Richard Martyn, in money to him delivered, namely, at one time *ix. li. x. s. xl. d.* for so much money by him paid for twenty-eight ells of linen cloth of Holland, and expences as well within the Tower aforesaid at the last departure of the said Henry, as at Chertsey on the day of his burial, and for reward given to divers soldiers of Calais watching round the body, and for hire of barges, &c.; and at another time *viii. li. xii. s. iii. d.* paid to the four orders of brethren, within the City of London, and to the brethren of the Holy Cross there; and in other works of charity, namely, to the Friars Carmelites, the Augustine Friars, and the Friars Minor, *xx. s.*, each, and to the friars preachers, for obsequies and masses to be celebrated, *xl. s.* and to the Friars of the Holy Cross, *x. s.*, and for obsequies and masses to be said at Chertsey aforesaid, on the day of the burial of the said Henry *li. s. iii. d.*”—*Rym.*

relieve his character from that intense mediocrity with which it might otherwise be charged.

We have now, however, treated the subject at sufficient length, and shall therefore pass on to the life of his successor, Edward IV., a man far better adapted to the times than Henry, and notwithstanding that his vices have detracted from his worth, yet a monarch who will always rank among the list of able kings. Descended from the Duke of Gaunt, the son of Edward III., trained to arms under the eye of his father, the Duke of York, by whom the war of the Roses was commenced, ambitious to ascend the throne, and panting to revenge the death of his sire, the young prince eagerly sided with the populace in their impetuous haste to proclaim him king of England. On the 4th of March, 1461, having just attained his majority, Edward assumed the position and administered the functions of royalty. But though a monarch, he had yet to establish his authority, for many of the people espoused the Lancastrian cause and aided the deposed Henry. Nor was the new king's situation one of tranquillity or ease: Margaret was a woman far more heroic than many men—she had some powerful generals and numerous forces, while a legitimate right strengthened her struggles. In the hour of action, however—in the midst of difficulty, Edward was peculiarly great. He had a crown to retain or to lose; and hence his efforts were commensurate with the necessity of the times. As previously narrated, battle after battle succeeded each other, in all of which he was more or less successful, and the issue of which more firmly established his sway, and placed his unoffending rival more within his control. At last the death of that unfortunate representative of the Lancastrian line released him from further anxiety from that quarter, and allowed him leisure to attend to the affairs of his kingdom. The people generally had grown rather tired of continued contest—they longed for a cessation of hostilities, and a return to tranquillity. Edward, too, seemed desirous of healing the contentions of late years, not only in order to consolidate his power, but from a wish to promote the public weal. He summoned a Parliament in October, 1471, at which he sought to show the right of the house of York to the English throne, and shortly afterwards exercised his clemency in granting pardons to some of the late insurgents, as well as entered into many politic treaties of peace with the Continental states. Towards one prelate, however, who was thought to be rather disaffected to the royal cause, Edward acted in a manner somewhat at variance with his previous measures. The Archbishop of York was deprived of his sacred office and imprisoned.\*

Every man at some period or other, sooner or later, commits some great mistake—some unworthy deed, the remembrance of which survives all other actions, as if to remind him that he is only a mortal, and must not arrogate to himself the least degree of superiority to the common lot of humanity. Henry's grand mistake consisted in allowing Queen Margaret such an undue influence over the administration that she became obnoxious, and thus paved the way for the Yorkist rebellion. Edward's foul deed—a deed which throws a shade over

\* Stow relates the following circumstance in regard to this ecclesiastical dignity:—"One day as he was hunting with the king at Windsor, the king told him he would come and hunt with him at his seat called *The More*, in Hertfordshire. Accordingly the archbishop made great preparations, and borrowed a good deal of plate from his friends; but the day before Edward was to come, the archbishop was apprehended, and all his goods and effects (valued at twenty thousand pounds), seized to the king's use." While on the subject of "*clerical hunting*," we may just say, in extenuation of the practice in which this prelate indulged, that in days of yore, "when the Saxons and Danes were at war," and for some centuries afterwards, the religion as then professed, was far less particular on such a point than the Protestant faith; and that, therefore, what was then considered merely in the light of an harmless recreation, would now be deemed a very different affair, and deserving of no little censure. Some of our readers, however, can doubtless recollect many instances in the present day in which an amusement of this nature has been followed with impunity for a long series of years.

the whole of his life—was the murder of his brother, the Duke of Clarence. His offence—if so it may be called—merited no such heavy retribution; it was simply a want of care in concealing his rather ambitious views which provoked not only the anger of his royal relative, but, to a certain extent, the public dislike. He was accused of various crimes, in themselves insignificant, yet magnified by his enemies into heinous sins, and condemned to death. When the life blood had ceased to flow in his brother's body, Edward was seized with remorse: he was conscious that he had been mainly instrumental in procuring the fatal sentence; "he became more and more irritable, and frequently lamented that no one had been found to intercede for the life of Clarence." But in referring to this unhallowed deed, the memory reverts to that earlier instance of cruelty, the murder of the young Prince of Wales, the son of Henry VI. Perhaps that may in a measure be palliated—on the ground of the prince's ill-timed, though spirited saying, that Edward was a usurper, and that he was come "to recover his father's kingdom and heritage." At this, Edward struck him a blow, which was interpreted by his attendants into a command to kill the noble scion of the Lancastrian family. A double murder may thus be attributed to the Yorkist monarch, upon whose life a cloud will rest so dark and black that the sun of his best actions will never shroud it. The latter part of his life was unfortunately marked by a degeneracy unworthy of any monarch, and especially so of one whose authority was based on conquest—not on superior hereditary descent. Edward gave himself up to licentious amusements—he allowed his ministers to indulge in vices which no independent-minded king would have permitted. He revived the old and popular proposition of carrying the English arms into the French dominions—not for the legitimate purpose of acquiring new territories, but simply to obtain supplies from his own people with which to prosecute such an enterprise, and from the French king to avoid military operations. A policy of this nature, founded as it was on venality and dishonour, cannot be sanctioned; nor does a knowledge of the part which Edward must have taken, in regard to his accepting bribes from the French monarch, in any way remove the stigma that attaches to his courtiers. If war be the object for which money is procured, let it not be diverted into another channel: let us in all national and private matters shun everything which savours of falsity or deceit, and rather let us be blamed for too much straight-forwardness and honesty of intention and action, than for duplicity and double-dealing.

Amidst events such as these, Edward was warned of his approaching end. The shadow of death hovered round his abode, beckoning him to prepare. When disease began to ravage his once noble person, it is said, he became aware of the vanity of human ambition, grand exploits, and glorious renown, and expressed repentance for his sins—as if in one moment he could wipe out what ages of contrition could scarce atone for—and

"In that instant o'er his soul  
Winters of memory seem'd to roll."

And so did the warlike spirit of Edward the Fourth repose in death on the 9th of April, 1483. How different were the circumstances amidst which his predecessor ended his long life! Henry within the damp walls of the Tower of London, in some remote, dreary cell, far from all those comforts by which Edward was no doubt surrounded, peacefully yielded up his last breath. Yet, notwithstanding that one was imprisoned, the other at liberty, there can be no question which was the happier man. Peace is not the offspring of freedom, of auspicious events, or of sensual gratification: it arises from a far different cause; it is the child of contentment. But diverse as were their lives, so were their characteristics. Henry was unambitious and fond of retirement; Edward delighted in action, and aspired to the highest dignities. Henry was humane and averse to war: Edward loved military pursuits, and in reality cared little for clemency—the one was highly virtuous; the other extremely licentious. Henry cared nothing for authority and power; Edward would sacrifice every principle,

would commit any bad deed, if they impeded the gratification of his wishes, or the progress of his ambitious projects. The one had a mind feeble and limited; the other, an intellect expansive and vigorous. Henry has secured immortality as the last of the Lancastrian kings; while Edward lives in the historic page as the successful usurper, the able ruler, and the first Yorkist monarch of England. Such was the result of the war of the Roses—such the two sovereigns who played the most prominent part in those sanguinary conflicts.

Edward the Fourth's life has contributed something to our country's ballad poetry. From these simple rhymes, the product of the olden muse, much information may be gleaned concerning the habits and customs of the times: indeed, ballads often throw more light on minor, yet not unimportant subjects than many an elaborate history, or thick quarto volume of dissertations on the result of a nation's government. The ballad in which Edward figures is entitled "The Tanner of Tamworth," and is an account of this sport-loving king's encounter, while deer-hunting at Drayton Bassett, with a man who turns out to be a mere humble tradesman. Edward fained to be "a poor courtier" who had lost his road, and inquired of the tanner the nature of the locality. But the latter was not quite at ease, and answered the disguised king in rather rough turns—at the same time joking together and exchanging horses. He, however, discovers to whom he has been talking—"his heart throbb'd in alarm," expecting some severe punishment for his familiarity with the person of royalty! But Edward allays his fears, and gives him a large estate, with "three hundred pounds a year to maintain thy good cow-hide," of which his saddle was made, and which seems to have formed a humorous part of the ballad. So ends the piece; and so we find that in days of yore sovereigns did not disdain to mix with the people, and sometimes make "a right merrie diversion." There are also many instances of his liberality and affability, which tend to exhibit his character in a favourable light. It is said that he frequently made large presents of venison and other things of the like kind; besides which he mixed with his subjects more often than we find recorded of any preceding monarch. Henry, on the other hand, does not appear to have had such tastes, nor even to have wished to gain his people's regard. But while these were Edward's amusements, those of Henry assumed a more lasting and beneficial form. To him must we pay a tribute of just admiration for establishing an educational institution, renowned through many ages for its high position as a seat of learning. On the banks of the River Thames, and within view of Windsor Castle, is situated Eton College, founded by him in September, 1440. For a description of the scenery, the locality, and the hallowed spot itself, we cannot do better than refer our readers to Gray's poem "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College." The building contains two statues of the royal founder; and richly did he merit them.

## ADVENTURES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.\*

THE Oâsis of Siwah has been visited by but few Europeans. Mr. Bayle St. John is the second Englishman who has ever penetrated as far as that remote, but verdant spot. His journey, which took place in September, 1847, is remarkable therefore from the novelty of the country traversed, as well as from the abundance of incident which characterised it. It may, perhaps, be interesting to accompany the author of the narrative through a portion of his wanderings—remark, by way of preface, that the whole is carefully and agreeably written, interspersed with exquisite descriptions of scenery, and characteristic and interesting remarks upon the tribes of men which people the vast tract of land lying between Egypt and the fertile Oâsis of Jupiter Ammon. Alexander, the conqueror of the world, journeyed to the grove of Ombeydah to be assured of his divine birth. Mr. Bayle St. John travelled for the most part in his footsteps, but here the resemblance between their expedition ends, excepting the single circumstance of the two black crows. The hero of Heavenly origin made his pilgrimage in brilliant grandeur, and wound along the Desert with a splendid pageant of chariots and armed men. Our author, accompanied by three Englishmen and six attendants, travelled on donkey-back, with a single tent strapped to the back of a camel, with a mat, and provisions of tea, coffee, preserved meat, biscuits, cheese, brandy, porter, tobacco, and cigars.

The party rode out of Alexandria early on the morning of the fifteenth day of September, 1847. The evening saw them encamped at Abusir, or the Arab's Tower, the real starting point of the expedition. Here the most important part of the arrangements was to be effected—namely, that of selecting the guides. Two were chosen; one Saleh, a tall bony man with a ridiculously meagre beard, who was as great an adept as most of his countrymen in quarrelling, cheating, and deceiving. The other we shall allow our author to describe in his own language:—

"Yûnus had been a man of consequence in his tribe; his worldly possessions included forty camels, three hundred sheep, and I know not how many goats; he had stores of sesame and other grain; and sixty thousand piastres was the price of the ornaments for his women. But there had been a dark spot in the old sheikh's life. Arnauts soldiers had taken up their quarters at his encampment. There had been a quarrel and a fight, or a murder. Three lives were lost in or near his tent—what part he himself took does not appear. He says he was absent in Alexandria; that another man was guilty. The Pasha, however, formed a different opinion; most of his property was seized, and he became a fugitive, hiding amidst rocks and caves. For eighteen months—such is his boast—he evaded the vigilance of Mehemmed Basha's myrmidons, until, in fact, another man was caught and hanged for the offence. Then he began to appear again in the world, to collect the scattered remnant of his fortune. But although the hunt after him ceased, he never again ventured to enter Alexandria, and always lived in a hide-and-seek sort of way in the neighbourhood of Abusir, ready at the first alarm to decamp or creep into some of the caves or catacombs which there abound."

Under the protection and guidance of this remarkable individual, Mr. Bayle St. John and his companions immediately commenced their journey. It will be unnecessary to touch upon that portion of their route which lay between Abusir and Mudar, since our object is to accompany the author in his travels

\* "*Adventures in the Libyan Desert, and the Oâsis of Jupiter Ammon.*" By Bayle St. John. Murray.



through the genuine Desert. After a stay of about twenty-eight hours at that place—a town on the sea-coast—they entered on the surface of the interior wilderness. Middle-day brought them to a cluster of mounds of white stone and sand, which had attracted their attention at a distance, glittering like a patch of burnished silver. This was the Koom of Sheneneh, where our traveller descended into a vast subterranean chamber, whose narrow entrance would not admit the portly figures of his companions. Nothing of particular interest presenting itself at this spot, they left it, somewhat surprised that although a number of women and children collected about them, not one man appeared. This was suspicious, and suspicion grew to certainty within a very short time, for whilst jogging over the undulating surface, Mr. St. John's attention was attracted by eight men who, armed with guns, were advancing at a short run from the hills to the left, a little in the rear—in fact, from the direction of the encampment at the Koom of Sheneneh.

"They were instantly pronounced to be robbers; and their mode of approach was certainly most suspicious. The very fact of their lying close whilst we were so many hours in their neighbourhood without paying us a visit, and then suddenly showing themselves in this manner was judged, apparently with reason, to be a sufficient proof of their evil intention—at any rate, especially when we saw them getting their weapons ready, there was ample justification for the word which was immediately passed to load with ball; after which the camels, which had been slightly scattered on the first alarm, were again collected, and put in motion; whilst we followed, prepared to face about before the pursuers overtook us, and summon them to halt and reveal their intentions."

Warlike demonstrations were made. All the fire-arms and other weapons in the possession of the travellers were got ready, and every preparation made to resist the attack, if any were made.

"Matters, however, were not quite so bad as all that. Whether we showed too good a countenance, or whether our Bedawins had libelled those 'who drank at the well of Selem,' I cannot determine. Certain it is, that the so-called hostile party halted at a speaking distance; a parley ensued, and after some time we were favoured with an intimation that this armed detachment had come out to offer for sale a single *ihram*, or blanket, price seventeen piastres. We were glad to accept this pacific interpretation of their movements, and Yûnus made the purchase. A capital bargain it was, too. The piece had evidently been woven in the tents, of Desert wool, and was striped tastefully with black."

The guides, from the first, showed symptoms of a refractory disposition. Yûnus especially was averse to obedience, and whenever compelled to shape his movements according to the wishes of his employers, consoled himself with cursing his first-born, and threatening to make a water-skin of his hide. In spite, however, of his obstinacy, and the obstacles he constantly endeavoured to throw in their way, the travellers succeeded in making a somewhat rapid advance over a country of varied aspect. Traversing the Empty Valley, the Vale of El Delma, some shallow hollows, and low ridges, they arrived, about midnight, at the Well of Haldeh, a spot of which Mr. Bayle St. John may be said to be the European discoverer, since Browne, the only Englishman who ever passed that way, omitted altogether to notice it. Three hundred people, with their flocks, drink water at this spot every day, besides which a number of Kafilas resort thither on their way to or from the coast. The caravans which come from the interior to buy corn in Egypt are compelled at intervals to halt, to procure a supply of the invaluable beverage.

From thence our author continued his journey to Garah, an oasis smaller than that of Sîwah, but not less beautiful. Indeed, in everything except size, it resembles it to a very great degree; except that here the people are warm-hearted, hospitable, and polite, whilst those of Sîwah-el-Kebir are sullen, insolent, inhospitable, insulting, and ungenerous. But we cannot pause to dwell on the description of this pleasant spot, where our travellers spent a few agreeable

hours, and then, once more striking into the Desert, proceeded on their march to the great Oäsis. We extract the account which Mr. St. John gives of his start from Garah:—

"On the afternoon of the 1st of October we were again ready to start. Our little caravan collected round the well, and the villagers, some of them bearing light spears, came out to behold our departure and bid us farewell. The skins of water were slung across the unwilling camels—to bring which near the well a great deal of manœuvring was necessary—and we began to move. Then came a general explosion of polite sentiments—'Maäk salaam!' (with you be peace!) was the unanimously-expressed wish of the whole population, as they one and all touched our hands, and then laid theirs to their breasts. There was nothing of that cry for 'backshish' which disgusts one in an Egyptian village; but the sheikh waited with decent patience for our present, and received it with becoming and not undignified gratitude. I must mention that we now found our party increased by a Siwah who happened to be at Garah, and seized on this opportunity of returning safely to his native place. We were not displeased with his companionship, as it seemed probable he might assist in spreading a good feeling towards us among his countrymen on our arrival. He was armed with a gun and a date-knife, with which latter he distinguished himself by chopping up a snake that imprudently showed itself in the path."

On the first of October the green fields of Siwah came in view. Its rugged hills, its fertile plains, its salt lakes, sparkling like fields of half-thawed snow, white or purple; its groves, and village, and gigantic rocks; its catacombed hills, its five-peaked mountains and extraordinary city of Salt, rearing its head above all, formed the materials of a most interesting and novel landscape. The first night passed in the Oäsis was in an encampment beneath the shelter of a clump of palms, where a crowd of the inhabitants collected to stare at the wonderful apparition before them. A group of white men, so grotesquely attired, and equipped after what must have appeared to them so singular a fashion, was a spectacle which few of them had ever before beheld. We are not surprised, therefore, when Mr. Bayle St. John describes the company of sheikhs which thronged about the tent door, with their grey beards and white burnouses, shining in the glare of the lantern. Jabbering incessantly among themselves, they addressed a few words to the traveller, questioning the guide very severely as to his motives in bringing the accursed strangers there. At length, however, they entered into conversation, appearing much surprised that men who belonged to a nation so utterly ignorant and barbarous as the English, whom they represented to themselves as a race without a home, roaming the sea in ships, should be acquainted with the various localities of the Oäsis, and especially its ruins. Two ideas seemed to have taken possession of their minds; first, that the travellers were treasure-seekers, who had come to dig for gold among the ancient remains of the Oäsis of Jupiter Ammon; and secondly, that they had come to prepare some new, perhaps heavier, system of taxation. In either case it was evident their disposition was far from friendly.

Mr. Bayle St. John's description of the capital of this extraordinary place is graphic and interesting:—

"The construction of the town is peculiar; but though the objects of defence are well answered, they do not appear to have been chiefly considered in the plan, which flowed from the singular character and manners of its inhabitants. The site originally chosen was the summit and sides of one of two pointed hills, or rather masses of rock, that rose direct out of the level plain. This hill seems to have been first covered with a mass of closely-packed houses, with narrow streets or lanes between. As the population increased the irregular octagon was not spread far and wide around, but began to ascend aloft into the air—house upon house, street upon street, quarter upon quarter, until it became a beehive, and not a town. The Siwah architects appear not to have seen that light was good: how a single ray can penetrate into any of the inner buildings it is difficult to understand. The outer ones have little square windows disposed

triangularly. In most parts of the place the streets are covered over, as at Garah, and of course pitch-dark even by day, so that any one who is about to enter, as naturally takes his lantern as if he were sallying forth after gun-fire in an Egyptian city. It was amusing to see our Bedawins thus providing themselves in the midst of some of the most brilliant days I have ever witnessed. On what system the passages of communication are arranged I cannot tell, as we were not permitted to ascertain; all I know from my own observation is, that house is leaned against house, and story raised above story, round the central rock, to a great elevation, and that the backs of the outer buildings, regularly corresponding, form a vast wall encompassing the city, of the height of more than a hundred feet. Several houses have been begun outside and carried up to different points; these produce the effect of flanking towers; and, with the nine entrances resembling very small postern-gates, ascended to by steps, help to give to Siwah the appearance of a fortified place, which indeed it may, to a certain extent, be considered. Near the northern extremity is the chimney-like minaret of a mosque, from which the Muezzin at stated hours, not exactly those prescribed in the Muslim ritual, pokes out his head, like a London sweep, and calls the faithful to prayers. The wall is not quite regular, being in some places much lower than in others. There are open spaces in the town; and in one of them the Divan is held; but the greater part appears to be a mass of closely-packed houses, divided by corridors that probably wind spirally round the central rock.

"The cause of this singular mode of building was, that when the son of a family married, his father, according to immemorial custom, built him a house, not in the suburbs, or by the side of his own, but on the top: every succeeding generation did the same, as though this barbarian people had determined to imitate the Tower of Babel, and climb the skies. They stopped short, however, within reasonable limits; the great grandson of a defunct constructive genius perhaps deeming it safer to occupy the lower rooms left vacant by his forefathers than to be thrust aloft into the air to the dizzy height which some have attained, and so the accumulative process at length ceased, after having carried the pinnacles of the place to a vast height. It is probable that successive generations push one another up and down as the stories become vacant, so that whilst in one pile of buildings the chief of a long line is at the bottom, in another he is at the top."

No widower or bachelor is allowed to dwell within the walls of the city of Salt (a name which the town derives from the material of which it is built). Immediately the males have passed childhood, or have lost their wives, they are compelled to take up their abode in the villages or the suburbs, and the women of Siwah labour in the streets, carry water, walk, and otherwise occupy themselves in the streets of the capital, a reason which its inhabitants alleged to account for their refusal to allow Mr. Bayle St. John and his fellow-travellers to enter the city. To this resolution they adhered, giving them permission, however, to visit all the other parts of the Oâsis. To the utmost of their power they took advantage of the permission thus granted. The catacombed rocks—the five-peaked hill—the ancient ruins of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, rendered famous by Alexander's pilgrimage, and by the responses delivered by its oracle—the ruins of Beled-er-rum—the fields—the groves—the Fountain of the Sun—the excavations and the village of Gharmy—the fields and the woods of Kamyseh,—all these were visited in turn, and are described by Mr. Bayle St. John with a graphic and powerful pen. Our readers, if they wish to obtain an idea of them, must consult the volume itself, and we feel sure that they will feel gratified and interested in its perusal. The treatment our travellers experienced at the hands of the barbarian fanatics of Siwah was not such as to induce them to prolong their stay. They were cursed and hooted and pelted with stones, and followed and watched and obstructed in all their movements. Occasionally, however, an individual treated them with civility.

"On my return I met a young Arab from the West settled in the country;

he accosted me very civilly, talked freely, and insisted on my accepting one of two large water-melons which he was bringing home. It had become very dark, and the road, which lay through lanes and groves, took me past a small hamlet, the lights of which twinkled through the trees. At another, named Min-shieh, not far from Siwah, my new acquaintance left me, after I had refused a very pressing invitation to enter his dwelling and partake of the evening meal.

"When I reached the tent I found that the excitement among the Siwah people was gradually increasing; it was evident that, if we stayed much longer in this inhospitable place, we should do so at considerable risk. Our Bedawins had been threatened, and our donkey-boys, who ventured to the gates of the town, taken by the throat and insulted as being the servants of Christians.

"Whilst we were at supper we heard a great commotion in the town; discordant shrieks and yells burst forth, and red lights flashed across the windows and glared upwards through the few open places that appear to exist within the walls. This was almost the only indication of a common life that had proceeded from the sombre pile before us. A great part of the population was evidently on the move, and we soon understood that a death had taken place, and that a nocturnal procession was hurrying the corpse to the grave. During nearly the whole night the howlings and lamentations continued, but they gradually subsided into an occasional shrill scream, and at length the vast fortress relapsed into complete repose."

We have already trespassed too much on our limits; otherwise we might multiply to an almost indefinite number our extracts from this interesting volume, whose value consists as much in its originality of detail as in the careful and well-considered language with which it is written. One more extract, however, we must make. It is somewhat long, but, being descriptive of the last night spent in the Oâsis, may be read with pleasure, since it depicts a striking and agreeable picture.

"I dare say the reader will not be displeased on being admitted to a view of our domestic arrangements, as illustrated by the evening's proceedings. Our little tent was divided by imaginary partitions into four apartments, each permanently allotted to one of the party. A mat, now somewhat ragged, was spread on the floor, and served to ward off to a certain extent the cold that struck upwards at night from the salt earth. Around the foot of the tent-wall were spread a variety of articles, carpet-bags, and cloaks, arranged as divans, shawls, hats, guns, pipes, gazelle-skins stuffed with tobacco, bottles, tin-cups, &c. A large demijohn, filled with water for ordinary consumption, stood outside the doorway; and swinging in various directions were our invaluable flasks, with shot-belts, powder-horns, and so on. The lantern hung half-way up the pole, to which the Bedawin guns were now tied.

"It will readily be imagined that, as soon as we were comfortably bestowed in our respective places, pipes were lighted all round, after which an amicable discussion arose as to whether it should be 'grog' or 'tea,' two inestimable luxuries not to be enjoyed on the same evening. The vote have been given for the latter, Derweesh and Saad, who had been heard through the canvas astonishing the weak minds of the Bedawins by accounts of the 'fast' life they led in Alexandria, received orders to light the fire, to boil the water, and to skim it, for at Siwah a thick scum always rises to the surface as soon as it begins to warm. Our kettle was nothing but a tin can, employed for a variety of purposes, none however more important than this. Well, a cheerful blaze was soon lighted up, and the two lads crouched down to it, spreading out their blue shirts to keep off the wind that came sweeping along as usual, howling amidst the palm-groves, and threatening at every moment to bear away our shivering little tent. By this flickering light we could discover our patient donkeys, still weary, after four days' rest, hanging their noses in melancholy companionship together close along the wall of the plantation near at hand; and the surly Yûnus casting ever and anon towards us a sinister glance from his remaining eye; and the good-tempered Wahsa showing his white teeth,

and old Saleh mumbling and shaking his long thin beard—all three crowded round some mess of their own making; and we could dimly see the camels at no great distance either holding their heads erect or working their way here and there in spite of their fettered legs; and in the background the huge dark mass of the town of Siwah rising in sullen silence against the sky.

"It will readily be believed that, in spite of the few causes of displeasure that existed, we fully enjoyed our last evening in the Oäsis of Siwah. We had achieved the object for which we had undertaken our journey; had received, moreover, unexpected delight from the contemplation of a country far more romantic and beautiful than we had been led to expect; and were now about to return towards the place which we must regard for a time at least as our home. If other thoughts presented themselves—if, in the depths of the African Desert, we yearned towards a distant land of which we were all proud to be sons—if each in the recesses of his own heart pronounced names and called up forms which must be loved as long as remembered, we were not, therefore, the less happy. Man is so framed that a shade of sadness gives a finer touch to all his pure enjoyments. There is something cruel and inhuman in a mirth which shakes off all communion with sorrow. We are naturally swayed by contending emotions. Regret tempers the selfish ardour of hope; hope deprives regret of its bitterest pang; and glances of pleasure never gleam so brightly as through the medium of a tear.

"Our conversation that evening was not of long continuance. One by one we stretched out to repose, in anticipation of the labours of the next day, and a general silence soon prevailed. The fire had gone out, our guides and attendants had sought shelter from the wind in little nooks formed by the zembeels and bean-bags, and the whole encampment would probably have been soon wrapped in slumber, had not the report of a gun close at hand among the palm-trees aroused us.\* It was pretty evident that some evil-disposed person had crept up behind the wall and taken a shot at the Nasara; luckily he could not aim, and was too cowardly to try his fortune a second time. However, Mr. Lamport, who was the first to understand what was going on, put out the lantern at once, for there was no knowing how many ruffians were prowling about anxious to make a target of us, and we quietly waited events, making our preparations in silence to resist any attack unless of overwhelming numbers. Presently a crowd of people were heard coming with loud cries from the direction of Siwah, and we could soon distinguish the name of Yünus several times repeated. It appeared that his friends within the city had heard the report, and being aware of the feeling that existed against us, because we were Christians, and against him for bringing us, had come out to see what was the matter. They expressed great sorrow at what had taken place, and some of them resolved to remain all night in the neighbourhood of the tent. We now understood that there was a large party at Siwah, who, if they had their will, would massacre us at once; and unpleasant reports reached us that twenty-four individuals had leagued together to waylay us on our return towards Garah. However, sleep being absolutely essential, we arranged our carpet-bags so as to protect us as much as possible, in case half-a-dozen slugs should intrude into the tent, and soon forgot the incivility of which we had been the objects."

Our notice has been as incomplete as it is hurried. It may, perhaps, nevertheless have excited some interest in the reader's mind; if so, we repeat he will not be disappointed in its perusal. Our notice has touched on but a few details. The last passage we have quoted is characteristic, and describes with much vigour—and here we may observe that Mr. Bayle St. John's descriptions of scenery are always peculiarly felicitous—the incidents of the last night in the Oäsis. On the account of the homeward journey we cannot touch.

\* The Bedawins and our boys always maintained that two shots were fired, but we heard only one.



## LAYS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

---

### No. 8.—PERDITA.

PERDITA.

"——— reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue——"

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!"

POLIXENES.

"This is the prettiest low-bern lass that ever  
Ran on the green sward."

---

*Winter's Tale, Act 4th, Scene 3rd.*

---

KIND welcome and sweet flowers,  
Dispensing all around;  
Queen of the rustic bowers,  
Is young Perdita crowned:  
With bashful grace applying,  
Good sooth! and shrewdly too,  
The wisdom that is lying,  
In flow'rs of Nature's hue.

While round her there doth hover,  
Sweet airs of summer's day;  
With smiling skies above her,  
At her feet the new-mown hay:  
And yellow corn soft waving,  
In rich and golden gleams;  
And the quiet brooklet laving,  
Green banks of noon-tide beams.

And all behold to bless her:  
The prettiest lass, I ween,  
Doth youth and age confess her,  
Upon the festive green:  
As courteous and endearing,  
Her gentle accents fall;  
With "Welcome to our shearing,"  
And blessing wait on all.

## MUSIC : ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

### CHAPTER IV.

GLUCK first saw the light about four years after HANDEL had entered England. The place of his nativity was Weidenwargen, in the upper Palatinate of the government of Prince Lobkowitz. He was born in 1714, and died in 1787. England had the honour of fostering his talents, and he laboured successfully for some years in London in the received style; but his genius, like that of the great names to whom music had owed its successive improvements, disdaining the fetters of mere custom, impelled him in a very early part of his career to visit Italy; and, by laying aside the vain formality of the time, endeavour to introduce reform in opera.

The measures he adopted to insure success were of the most judicious nature, and might be profitably adopted as rules for guidance in all undertakings stamped with the character of innovation. It is a principle of human nature to withstand all sudden shocks. A man educated in a certain creed will repudiate without reflection the tenets of one opposed to it, if laid before him previous to his mind being prepared to weigh in an unprejudiced spirit the differences of doctrine; and this is no more than natural, even a child disdains to be taught anything new on a subject he fancies he already understands. The true way to anticipate and defeat opposition is to take the masters of the age into counsel upon the subject, and to lead them into a notion that, if not the originators of the new notion, they are the apostles destined to promulgate it. Such was the course of Glück. He well knew that the existing school of Italian music was so well grounded that any attempt to prove it defective would raise a hornet's nest about him at the very onset; he therefore gathered round him several eminent poets, and other men of genius, who had been made to feel the inefficiency of opera in its then existing state, and who would consequently be prepared to aid rather than retard improvement. To these he communicated his ideas, and engaged their assistance in the proposed task of reformation. Thus the first public announcement of his design had the voice of the greatest men of the period.

That the importance of his projected innovation may be duly estimated, let us glance at the deficiencies which the eagle eye of this great composer had been enabled to detect in the far-famed and (so-called) *perfect* Neapolitan school. Its chief fault was the frequency and prolongation of its repetitions, which exceeded all æsthetical *raison*, while the *seconda parte*, in comparison with the principal idea or previously developed aria, was insignificant and out of proportion. Added to this, the *da capo* of a complete aria, immediately after its performance with scarcely any interruption from the middle piece, or *seconda parte*, was so opposed to the principles of philosophical criticism that it is somewhat surprising the defect had not been previously detected. Another and a greater evil was the frequent introduction of a piece of senseless buffoonery, by which some of the most splendid and successful master-pieces of the epoch are disfigured; this was the *aria di bravura*, now so completely banished. The chief evil was that destruction of all art—coldness of manner. The national pride by which the critics of the period were blinded, added to the charm really boasted by the glorious melodies of the time, prevented the Italians from seeing these errors; for the works of that age contain no strictures such as we have now made; but the French and German critics detected them; the world was consequently

fluctuating between two opinions, and it only remained for some daring genius to pronounce upon the question to decide the future bias respecting it.

At this opportune period Glück made his first grand essay at innovation in the opera of *Orfeo* at Vienna. This was in the year 1764. The libretto was by Calsabigi, written under the personal direction of the composer, and its success at once lit up a flame of enthusiasm in favour of the new style. A similar attempt, with equal results, was afterwards made in the same city, and by the same poet and musician, in the production of *Elena e Paride*, and the *Alceste*. These successes caused Glück, in 1772, to be invited to the Grand Opera in Paris, to superintend a French translation of the above works. Here he produced his *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Iphigenia in Taurus*, and the *Armida*; works which at once eclipsed Lully and Rameau, the Parisian idols, and silenced for ever a powerful rival, named Picconi, who had written largely against the innovations of Glück before they were even attempted.

Nothing carries greater interest than the thoughts of an originator on the success of his plans; nor can anything better explain the motives on which he acted. For this reason we will, at the hazard of trespassing at some length upon our space, quote Glück's own words on the occasion described :—

"When I undertook to compose the music of this opera," he says, in the Italian dedication of his *Alceste* to the Grand Duke Peter Leopold of Tuscany, "my object was to clear it of all those abuses which had been introduced by the ignorant vanity of the singers, or by a too ready acquiescence on the part of the composers, and which had so long disfigured the Italian Opera, making it the most ludicrous and tedious of all spectacles, instead of being the most sublime and beautiful. I wished to limit music to its true aim, that of assisting poetry in giving expression to the words and subjects of the poem, without interruption of the plot, or any diminution of its interest by useless and superfluous decorations; and I fancied it would have the same effect as liveliness of colouring and well-selected contrast of light and shade in a correct and properly-defined picture, enlivening the figures without disturbing the contour. I have been desirous, therefore, not to impede the singer during the greatest fervency of the dialogue, by causing him to wait for a tedious symphony (ritornelle), nor did I wish him to make a pause on any favourable vowel in the middle of a word, in order to display his execution and beautiful voice in a long passage, or wait until the orchestra gave him time to collect force for a particular cadence. I did not approve of hurrying through the *seconda parte* of an aria, how passionate soever and important it might be, merely to afford an opportunity of repeating in order the words of the first part four times over, and of making the aria conclude at a point where, perhaps, the sense of the words did not admit of such conclusion, or of allowing the singer the means of showing that he was really capable of varying a passage according to his fancy as often as he chose; and, generally speaking, I was anxious to banish all those abuses, against which sound common sense and just feeling had so long combated in vain. I conceived that the overture should in some degree prepare the audience for the nature of the plot, or, if I may so speak, that it should announce its contents—that the instrumental part should accommodate itself to the proportionate importance or passion, without manifesting any divisional section between the aria and the dialogue—that it should not interrupt the course of the poem in an unseasonable manner, nor mar the force and interest of the story. I further conceived that my greatest exertions should be directed to a beautiful simplicity; I wished to avoid dazzling with difficulties at the expense of perspicuity; the introduction of any novelty appeared to me only valuable, so long as it emanated naturally from the situation and expression; and I never particularly hesitated in sacrificing a rule for the sake of effect. Fortunately for me, the poem itself assisted me greatly in my design; the celebrated poet, Calsabigi, had struck out a new path in the working of dramatic scenes, owing to which, in place of flowery descriptions, superfluous comparisons, and erudite, but cold moral sentences, there now appeared the language of the heart; powerfully-depicted

passion, affecting situations, and a constant change of scene. The result verified my general theory; and the unequivocal success which attended these efforts, in such an enlightened city, has clearly proved that simplicity, truth, and nature form the real basis of the beautiful in all works of art."

In the above extract we discover the whole theory of opera. The closing sentence should be written in letters of gold in every place where artists meet. Simplicity, truth, and nature would, if properly studied in all things, adjust the balance of conflicting interests, and infuse harmony throughout the framework of society. But admirable as are the maxims laid down by Glück, they contain maxims on which composers of less delicacy of tact or refinement of taste might have established a school as faulty as the one sought to be superseded; and, instead of perpetuating the independence of opera as an art, have sacrificed it to the poetry and situations which formed its vehicles. Happily, however, Glück knew better than to thus degrade music into the mere handmaid of poetry. His object was to unite them in the bonds of sisterhood and equality, yet he could not resist the impulse of rendering his own darling art the most charming of the twain, and thus bestowing upon it the charms of superiority.

As if to disprove the proverb that a man must achieve popularity abroad before he can be admitted as a prophet at home, the opinions of Glück were at first allowed to have very little influence in Italy, although they were at once allowed to reform the opera of Germany. In the former country they did not obtain until the year 1780, when native composers did at length deviate from the two-part aria, and renounce the convenient *de capo*. They now no longer divided in the middle of an aria the second part from the first, but by imperceptibly returning to it, entwined the two, and conducted the leading idea with a few variations to its conclusion. Thus by one process, a connexion was established between the various parts, and they shaped themselves into a whole; but the bravura embellishments were still considered an essential or integral part of the aria in certain places, and were consequently still introduced in many instances.

In Paris, the simplicity of a reform which united justness of expression with the charms of melody at once made its way. The unpretending but agreeable operettas of Gretry had prepared them for the unpretending school of Glück, and when once its beauty became properly estimated, the reigns of Lully and Rameau over the grand opera of France may be said to have ceased.

In Germany, as already mentioned, Glück became the arbiter of public taste, and the composers of that country at once united with him in applying the means of aid afforded by instrumental music to the grand effects of opera, and in bringing music and poetry into fitting union. Thus the melodies of the time, particularly those by Glück himself, delighted by the musical accordance of their expression with the sense of the words. They were, nevertheless, so beautiful and characteristic, even when separated from the poetry, that the listener was enabled to mentally supply the sense, and thus enjoy the leading ideas which formed their distinctive charms.

As if to consolidate the foundations thus prepared, the era produced at this time the celebrated Carl Phillip Emanuel Bach, son of the great Johan Sebastian, and who, without entirely forsaking the school of his father, united to its seriousness and solidity the lighter graces introduced by Glück. His church music, his grand sacred cantatas and oratorios, thus received a value equal to his innumerable instrumental productions, and rendered him the precursor of the illustrious Haydn, of whom he was the personal friend, and who acknowledged that his deepest obligations in this department of music were due to the famous work, "*Die Wahre Art das Clavier zu Spielen*"—"The True Art of Playing the Piano"—of which Bach was the author, and which laid that foundation for the more tasteful use of the pianoforte that was destined to be brought to its present perfection by Muzio, Clementi, and Mozart. In this manner was the world prepared for two of the brightest epochs of musical history—the epoch of Haydn and Mozart, and that of Beethoven and Rossini.

Wherever an art falls the blame rests with the artists; its elevation is therefore due to the same source, together with the aid of public support. Amongst those professors to whom music is mostly indebted Joseph Haydn has always been considered one of the most illustrious. He was a native of Rohran, in Lower Austria, and died at Vienna. His birth took place in 1732, and his death in 1809. When thirty-eight years of age we find him already possessed of a brilliant reputation, known in every part of Europe; but the most distinguished portion of his career was from 1780 to 1800, during which period he composed his principal quartetts and symphonies, his admirable masses, and those glorious and imperishable oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*. He was inventor of that interesting description of chamber music the scientific and intellectual quartette. It was he, likewise, who gave a form to the "grand symphony." He brought also combined music to a degree of perfection that its best admirers had never ventured to predict; and in short is constantly referred to as a model of the truly beautiful. His fund of invention was inexhaustible, and his facility in conducting subjects in a most surprisingly charming manner through manifold changes proved him to possess the most perfect knowledge of instrumental effect. In conjunction with Mozart he raised the art of sound in all its departments to the highest degree of perfection, and formed a style that became the exclusive model to the *dilettanti* of France and Germany, and gave an origin to all that is grand and beautiful in music since their illustrious epoch. They were in fact the founders of a new school, which may be termed the Viennese school, as contradistinguished from the modern sect, ascribing to itself the title of the German school.

The immortal coadjutor of Haydn in this glorious work, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, was born at Salzburg in 1756, and made his *débüt* coterminously with Glück, in 1770. Like Haydn's, the brilliant part of his career commenced at Vienna. This was in 1780, but he had long before established a high name throughout Italy; he died in 1791, but as it is our intention to furnish the leading incidents of his life, we shall in the present instance confine ourself to his epoch and not his history. Haydn was his type and model in the composition of instrumental music, and Glück in that belonging to the dramatic department; Handel and Bach were his masters in higher counterpoint. With such models he soon elevated himself to the highest position and, by the astonishing accuracy of his natural feelings in respect to the æsthetics of music, the fertility of his genius, and the happiness of his application of contrapuntic facility, he acquired a mastery in operatic composition that has never been surpassed.

The epoch of Haydn and Mozart has been termed the golden age of music; and, inspired by their works, the French opera composers began in 1790 to produce masterpieces in their department, and lay a foundation for the most brilliant era in France in the art of sound. Belonging to this train may be classed a host of brilliant successors, such as Naumann, whose *Lord's Prayer*, the "*Vater vaser*," and whose opera of *Cora* may be classed among the best productions of his day; Bocherini, who in the department of instrumental music stood second alone to Haydn and Mozart; Cimarosa, Paisiello, Salieri, Sarti, Zingarelli, and a host of others who conducted the musical world to the epoch of Beethoven and Rossini. But the latter names belong so exclusively to modern history that we must forbear from further speaking of them until we have retraced the history of music for a period of many years, and made ourselves acquainted with its progress in an island where its early struggles were through the mists of barbaric taste and ignorance; but where in our days are found some of its most impassioned supporters. With the leave of the reader we will therefore close the present chapter, leaving him to linger in the light of the glorious names with which we have concluded it. We have endeavoured to give a faithful notion of the changes and improvements in music through the periods of Palestrina, Carissima, Scarlatti, the Neapolitans, and that of Haydn and Mozart, and we shall now proceed to see what the Handels and others in



Great Britain were synchronically effecting. In the words, therefore, of Hamlet, we exclaim, "For England, ho!"

#### CHAPTER V.

IN England music was entirely an exotic. The rude manners of the aborigines of this country, and the commercial habits of succeeding races, left little leisure for the cultivation of music as an art; and so long as the minstrel produced some melody that awoke the warlike nature, the passions, or appealed to the sympathies and emotions of the hearer, the latter was satisfied, without caring in the slightest degree about science or regularity. Hence our native school of song consisted simply in the production of a "tune." A few expressive notes, with a *de capo* and second part, formed an AIR, over which the mind loved to dwell without courting ornament, or straying for graces in foreign passages, and with this the ears of our forefathers were sufficiently gratified. One result of this taste was that it obliged the early composers to study the workings of the soul, and have an object in their compositions; to which may be attributed their perpetuation and popularity to this very day. All our old tunes *speak*. They appeal to the heart and our feelings; consequently, however deficient in the loftier attributes of art, they will be sung and admired as long as the English character remains unchanged.

Our musical drama may be traced to the mysteries or spiritual representations of the middle ages; which may be said also of the music of other countries. Music always formed a part of our ancient exhibitions, and, down to the seventeenth century, included a considerable portion of them. In 1551 it was introduced into the first regular English comedy, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, in which was sung the well-known Bacchanalian ditty, entitled

"I cannot eat  
But little meate."

Instrumental music was also introduced between the acts; of this one of the characters in the play informs us, for on leaving the stage at the end of the second act, he says to the musicians—

"Into the town will I: my friendes to visit there;  
And hither, straight again, to see th' end of this gere.  
In the meantime, fellows, pipe up your fiddles,  
I say, take them,  
And let your friends hear such mirth as ye can make them."

Dr. Burney mentions the tragi-comedy of *King Cambyzes*, in which music was first performed at a banquet, and the tragedy of *Jocasta*, in which a chorus concluded each act. In 1561 Lord Buckhurst wrote a tragedy, entitled *Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrux*, in which dumb show was introduced, accompanied by the music of violins, cornets, flutes, hautboys, drums, and fifes. In the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth Richard Edwards, a poet and musician, produced a regular musical drama, entitled *Damon and Pythias*, which is quite amusing from its rudeness of construction, the homeliness of its language, and the ludicrous absurdities with which it abounds. The author died on the 31st October, 1566.

Shakspeare, who had a soul attuned to harmony, and was evidently a passionate lover of music, lost no opportunity of introducing it into his plays. Of this we have evidence in *As you like it*, where the fine sylvan glees occur of, "What shall he have that killed the deer?" and "Under the greenwood tree." Also, the songs of "It was a lover and his lass," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and the music in the last scene. In *The Tempest* are his songs, "Full fathom five my father lies," "Where the bee sucks," and the fine chorus, "Come unto these yellow sands."

Numerous other plays from his pen contain charming lyrical pieces, an admixture of music with dialogue, which is to be found also in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, Dryden, and other dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

But the actual precursors of opera in England were the masques; which in the sixteenth century formed the favourite amusement at court, and completed the union of poetry and music on our stage—ripening by gradual progress into musical drama. Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth frequently acted in these masques themselves; but the singing boys of the monasteries and churches appear to have been principally employed in these representations. Many of these masques were written by men of genius, and contain fine poetry. Wm. Browne, a student of the Inner Temple, was highly celebrated in his time. One of his works, "The Inner Temple Masque on the Story of Circe and Ulysses," produced in 1620, contains the following fine song, which has been republished in an edition of his works by Sir Egerton Brydges. Ulysses is discovered slumbering beneath a tree, and Circe sings it as a charm to drive away sleep:—

"Son of Erebus and night,  
Hie away, and aim thy flight,  
Where consort none other fowl  
Than the bat and sullen owl:  
Where upon the limber grass,  
Poppy and mandragoras,  
With like simples, not a few,  
Hang for ever drops of dew:  
Where flows Lethe without coil,  
Softly, like a stream of oil.  
Hie thee thither; gentle sleep!  
With this Greek no longer keep.  
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,  
Thrice with moly from my hand,  
Do I touch Ulysses' eyes,  
And with th' iaspis. Then arise,  
Sagest Greek!"

There is much of the spirit of Milton in these lines, and it is said they actually suggested to that poet the idea of a masque on a similar subject. The masques of Jonson were professedly imitated from the newly-created Italian opera of the day, and we find in the stage directions that some of the dialogue has to be delivered in "stylo recitativo." The music was the production of Italian composers, and of course was in the Italian style. The mythological nature also of the subjects aided in giving an Italian character to the entertainment. The first of these masques was performed in 1605, on the occasion of the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and Lady Susan Vere; it was entitled *The Masque of Blackness*; and for thirty years similar works of Jonson continued to be popular. Among these may be noted as worthy of attention, *The Masque of Hymen* and *The Hue and Cry of Cupid*. In the latter the three Graces are introduced, and they sing a trio, the first verse of which has in modern times been set to music as a song. It will be remembered as having been rendered exceedingly popular by the late Miss Love. The beauty of the poetry is so great, and it is so characteristic of the genius that pervaded the musical numbers of Jonson, that we extract it entire, as well worthy of preservation:—

1st GRACE. Beauties! have you seen this toy  
Called Love—a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blind;  
Cruel now and then as kind?  
If he be among ye say;  
He is Venus' runaway.

- 2nd GRACE. She that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss,  
How or where herself would wish ;  
He who brings him to his mother  
Shall have that kiss, and another.
- 3rd GRACE. He hath marks about him plenty ;  
You shall know him among twenty.  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire,  
That being shot, like lightning, in,  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.
- 1st GRACE. At his sight the sun hath turn'd ;  
Neptune in the waters burn'd ;  
Hell hath felt a greater heat ;  
Jove himself forsook his seat.  
From the centre of the sky  
Are his trophies rear'd on high
- 2nd GRACE. Wings he hath, which, though ye clip,  
He will leap from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart,  
But not stay in any part ;  
And if by chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himself in kisses.
- 3rd GRACE. He doth bear a golden bow,  
And a quiver, hanging low,  
Full of arrows, that outbrave  
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have  
Any head more sharp than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.
- 1st GRACE. Still the fairest are his fuel  
When his days are to be cruel ;  
Lovers' hearts are all his food,  
And his bath their warmest blood.  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to reason.
- 2nd GRACE. Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet.  
All his practice is deceit ;  
Every gift it is a bait ;  
Not a kiss but poison bears,  
And most treason in his tears.
- 3rd GRACE. Idle minutes are his reign ;  
Then the struggler makes his gain,  
By presenting maids with toys,  
And would have ye think them joys ;  
'Tis the ambition of the elf  
To have all childish as himself.
- 1st GRACE. If by these ye please to know him,  
Beauties be not nice, but show him.
- 2nd GRACE. Though ye had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3rd GRACE. Since ye hear his falser play,  
And that he's Venus' runaway.

We question if a modern audience would tolerate so many verses. Their playfulness and merit renders them readable; and doubtless when first sung the same cause rendered them acceptable to audiences not accustomed to the railroad pace of present times.

Alfonso Ferabosco composed the greatest portion of the music to Jonson's masques. He was an Italian by parentage and education, although an Englishman by birth. His father was an eminent madrigalist and a superior musician, but the young Alfonso was the most fashionable composer of the day for the stage and chamber. Ben Jonson prefixed some eulogistic verses regarding him to a book of "*ayres*," published by him in 1609. Another of Jonson's coadjutors was Nicolo Lanier, who was also an Italian, and understood drawing and engraving as well as music. He followed the Italian mode of the day, setting the dialogue in *stilo recitativo*. In short, the masques of the immortal Ben bore a much closer resemblance to the regular Italian opera than the pieces called operas which prevailed on the English stage during the greater part of the last century. Specimens of Lanier's music are preserved in Playford's collections; they are superior to that of the English composers of his time.

(To be continued.)

## A REMONSTRANCE

### TO THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,  
Why what's in the wind?  
Are you turning romantic, or are you chagrined?  
In what have we sinned,  
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,  
That Her Majesty's Opera thus must be thinned?  
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,  
Your resolve pray rescind,  
Or the public will grin as it never yet grinned!  
What!—Lose Jenny Lind  
When all hearts she has pinned?  
We would much rather hear of reverses at Scinde!  
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,  
You are pretty well tinned;  
And those who to hear you their purses have thinned,  
Will proclaim, Jenny Lind,  
From the Thames to the Ind,  
'Twas the notes of an INGRATE which thus raised the wind.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

His must be a churlish disposition who does not feel gratified at having to exchange a tone of deprecation for one of panegyric, and we exult in announcing that with every feeling of good will towards Mr. Lumley, we had felt it our duty to prepare our minds for a notice of his opening tactics not very favourable to his long-sustained reputation as a manager, when a subsequent improvement in the arrangements steeped our gall in rose-water, and dispatched us to our pen in quite a different humour. In explanation of this we should mention that, relying too strongly upon securing Jenny Lind, Mr. Lumley had failed to gather sufficient strength for his season, and hence when the Swedish Nightingale unexpectedly announced her intention of not resuming her engagement he was thrown upon his efforts without the proper auxiliaries. This is at all times bad generalship, and we were angry. Our readers well know our antipathy to the exclusive system, for nothing shows greater poverty of resources than the contrast of pre-eminence with mediocrity; and we felt that even had Jenny Lind formed the leading member of the operatic corps it was due that she should have been surrounded with proper sustaining talent, in justice to herself and the public. Happily both evils have been got over. Jenny Lind will re-appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Mr. Lumley has already taken measures for surrounding her with kindred talent; already we are promised the return of Frezzolini, from the Opera of St. Petersburg; added to which engagements have been formed with Casolani, a distinguished but youthful *contralto*, from La Scala; Madlle. Gazzaniga, a *soprano*, from the Grand Opera, at Turin; Madlle. Parodi, a pupil of Pasta, and Madame Guilian, a *soprano* of considerable compass and power. But these did not form part of the opening company, and our apprehensions at the meagre prospect before us may readily be imagined. The commencing night, however, was not without its attractions. The selections were Rossini's *La Cenerentola* and the ballet of *Le Diable à Quatre*; and amidst the really attractive names by which these were supported were those of Alboni, Gardoni, F. Lablache, Belletti, Carlotta Grisi, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and her brother Paul, Petit Stephan, and other choregraphists of varied eminence. Balfe still wields the *baton* of the orchestra, and the choral department has been entrusted to the direction of Felice Ronconi, brother to the vocalist of that name at the Royal Italian Opera. Much interest was felt in the *début* of Madlle. Alboni, who it will be remembered divided the field of favouritism in the eyes of many distinguished judges last season, when Madlle. Lind was in her zenith. Alboni is both a *soprano* and a *contralto*, and may thus be reckoned a sort of musical prodigy. Her voice is possessed of great sweetness, and her facility of modulation is in a rare style of excellence. She was welcomed with the characteristic kindness of an English audience; and although her interpretation of her early pieces was not such as to create any enthusiastic feeling she improved as she proceeded, and in her duet with Gardoni, "Io vorrei saper perché," she obtained a tumultuous *encore*. It is not necessary to go into the details of an opera the plot of which has been learnt by all in the nursery, nor to remind the reader of beauties which are familiar even to the English stage; we shall simply, therefore, allude to the interpretation of those passages which commanded *encores*, and the otherwise marked approbation of the audience. Of these we may mention the "Parlar voglio," between the two *artistes* just named; the quintette, "Nel volto estatico," by Madlle. Alboni, Gardoni, Belletti, Arnoldi, and F. Lablache. The *finale* to the second act, with the *aria* "Nacqui all'" was also exceedingly successful; but the chief feature of the evening was the justly-famous "Non più mesta," which Alboni gave with a richness and sweetness that created a perfect *furor*. It was re-demanded, of course, and Alboni had to appear both at the conclusion of the first act and of the last. The well-known ballet of *Le Diable à Quatre* needs no description. All we need say is that it was produced with entirely new and gorgeous scenery and dresses, and got up altogether in a style which seemed to indicate that the manager intended to make ballet his stronghold during the season. Grisi, Rosati, and Taglioni appeared emulous



of excelling each other, and the result was a display of fire, grace, elegance, and buoyancy such as could nowhere be equalled, save by a band of veritable wood-nymphs. The house was well filled, and every expression of approbation was given to the opening efforts. In our next we hope to chronicle the re-appearance of Miss Lind, whom we cannot help blaming for the anxiety and consequent disarrangement she has imposed upon Mr. Lumley by her vacillations. Even now she proposes to "keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope," by going through her operas without stage costume or scenery. From what we learn, however, she may yet be induced to amend her determination, and that the policy ultimately adopted will be to once more take the enchanted round which formed the halo of her glory on her first appearance, and will for ever encircle the history of song with its brightest lustre. But we would admonish Jenny to form her resolution at once, lest she trifle with public patience beyond endurance. There is an old fable extant where a people having set up an idol commanded it to speak, but the necessary acoustic preparations not having been made, the oracle was of course silent. Murmurs were then uttered by the multitude, and in order to suppress them the high priest stole behind the statue and vociferated, "Wait my convenience:" upon which the assemblage replied, "We set you up for our own convenience, and if you do not care to study it, down you must go again," whereupon they beat it to pieces with clubs upon the spot. Let the fair *cantatrice* take note of this. On Saturday Verdi's *Ernani* was revived, for the introduction of Madame Giuliani as Elvira. She is a *soprano*, and to easy and confident movements and impressive action unites a voice combining compass, power, and sweetness. Madame Giuliani, whose correct *soubriquet* is Julia Van Gelder, served her pupillage under Bordogni, of the French *Conservatoire*. Michelot was her tutor in the dramatic art, and in 1847 she made her appearance at Paris in Verdi's *Jerusalem*, and was subsequently the *prima donna* of the operatic company at Brussels. Some persons pretend to recognise in her "Madlle. Julien," who some years back created so great a sensation in the Metropolis, but these wisecracks are mistaken. The success of the lady was undoubted. Ernani was supported by M. Bordas, the new tenor, but the nervousness attendant upon a first appearance entirely marred his efforts, and left us incapable of judging his true claims to rank as a singer. The *terzetto* at the close, which he sung with Madame Giuliani and M. Belletti, received a merited re-demand, as did his *duettino*, "Ah morir potessi adesso," with Madame Giuliani. The fine chorus of "O somno Carlo," had a similar compliment, and also the "Infelice e tuo," of Belletti, whose Silva was a first-rate performance.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

By a coincidence unprecedented in the annals of our opera, this institution opened on the same evening as did Her Majesty's Theatre, and justice forces us to admit that it fairly had the advantage in starting; in the first place the management presented us with Auber's *Masaniello* in its perfect integrity; and, in the second, the company with the band, regarded *en masse*, is one of the best ever congregated within the walls of an operatic theatre. The chorus is most effective; each scene might be framed as a gallery painting, and the dresses are all entirely new and from the best authorities. With such advantages no wonder that Covent Garden has taken the lead at the commencement. Time will show whether its directors make the proper efforts to maintain it. That the season should commence with one of the grand works of a great master was an auspicious omen, giving evidence as it did that our musical taste has grown more healthy than formerly, and that the directors contemplate furnishing none but the most classical selection. It was placed upon the stage in a style not to be surpassed by even the *Academie Royale* at Paris, and the organisation of its various elements, composed as they are of opera, ballet, spectacle, pantomime, and high tragedy, was effected with a skill and finish such as have never before been witnessed in this country. The chorus was composed of a host of individual *artistes* whose groupings, acting, and singing, proved each to be possessed of no common abilities, and presented an *ensemble* of the most graphic beauty. There were no mutilations, no omissions to mar the original effect; every note was sung, every syllable uttered, and we heard *Masaniello* as its author first produced it. Mario, as the Neapolitan fisherman, acted and sung with an excellence that must add to his laurels. The famous "Barcarole" was magnificently rendered, and he also, in the duet with Pietro, "Sara il morike," displayed that vast energy which he so well knows how to combine with sweetness. His "Del misor sol," which he sings above his slumbering sister, was one of the finest things ever heard. Madame Dorus Gras was the Elvira, and though we detected a slight falling off in her freshness of tone, we were still delighted

with that facility of vocalisation for which she is so justly eminent. This received a remarkable illustration in her "Del mio cor verra competa," and the "Il pianto rascingo." The *motivo* in the last act, "Odi d'intorno il suono," was one of her finest efforts. Signor Luigi Mei did not particularly distinguish himself as Alphonso. M. Massol sung his portion of the music, particularly the *barcarole* "Ne come il vento irato," in the fifth act, with an appreciation of its extraordinary merits that proved him an accomplished artist. Pauline Leroux, as the dumb girl, Fenella, equalled her former efforts in the part at Drury Lane, when an English version of the opera was produced there. Wauthier and Louise Taglioni were admirable in the dances, particularly in the "Tarantelle," which was *encored*. The "Market chorus" was also re-demanded, as was the beautiful prayer, "Nume de Ciel." In fine, the entire opera went off with enthusiasm, and may be considered a perfect triumph. The orchestra, under Signor Costa, did its duty most efficiently. We must not omit to mention the beautiful mechanical and pictorial effects of the eruption of Vesuvius in the last scene. Her Majesty, with her royal consort and *suite*, have visited the Royal Italian Opera twice during the past week. The house was crowded on each occasion.

### DRURY LANE.

The Cirque National has reached its last week, and we truly hope this classical and elegant entertainment has proved a successful speculation. Our notice this month is more in the character of a farewell than a critique, as it is not to be expected that much novelty would mark the end of a season. We may remark, however, that all the talent of the establishment has been put forward most conspicuously, blending the best efforts of Mademoiselles Caroline, Clarke, Mathilde, Amalgia, Palmyre Asato, Ducos, &c., together with those of the two Loissets, Nelf, Newsome, Candler, Wehl, the two Auriols, Leclair, and Mohamet. The performances, both morning and evening, during the month have commanded unequivocal approbation, and a very fair modicum of support, considering the number of existing claimants on public patronage.

### HAYMARKET.

The same monotonous spirit of revival, of which we have had so much recent cause to complain, has marked the management of this theatre since our last; and but for the transcendent talents of some of the performers, we should give up our task of visiting the Haymarket in our capacity as critics. Surely the opening of the two Operas might have stimulated Mr. Webster to exertion. But, no! He is wedded to his own system of management, and nothing will influence him to an alteration. The prevailing feature of the month has been *Othello*, in which Charles Kean and Wallack have alternated the characters of Othello and Iago, while Mrs. Kean and Miss Laura Addison have done the same with Desdemona and Emilia. To institute comparison on such an occasion would be hypercritical, each so well exert themselves for the best that the critic is disarmed of any desire to seek for faults. To give a general idea of the difference between the parties, we may observe that the Othello of Charles Kean is sustained, legitimate, and pathetic; that of Mr. Wallack, fiery, impetuous, and melo-dramatic. His Iago is a master-piece of Don Cesar de Bazan-ship, combined with cunning and ferocity; that of Charles Kean was in a greater spirit of repose, and much more true to nature. Mrs. Kean's Emilia was a new reading; she rendered it the high-minded creature formed by the poet, and divested the part of that shrewishness usually imparted to it. Miss Laura Addison adopted the traditional reading of the character. The Desdemona of the latter lady was like the heroine of a modern romance; that of Mrs. Kean was the Desdemona of Shakspeare. In answer to our incessant cravings for something like novelty at this theatre we have, during the past month, been favoured by one instalment, in the shape of a brilliant little *brochure* from the pen of *Sterling Coyne*, whose brain must be a perfect California, as its fecundity is evidently yielding him an ample supply of *sterling coin* itself. The title of the piece is *Separate Maintenance*, and is in one act. Like a bottle of champagne, it effervesces throughout, and after keeping the audience laughing from beginning to end, sends them home to reap the physical benefit of their cachinations. The piece is rather a series of incidents than a constructed drama with plot and the other adjuncts of legitimacy; but it answers the purposes of amusement, and will, we doubt not, run until we have next occasion to speak of the theatre. It is supported by the Keeleys, who represent a newly-married couple, named Pennipother. The usual result of a collision of

untried tempers accrues; the matrimonial horizon is darkened; squabbles ensue; jealousy enters with his green spectacles, and the pair resolve, without division, to "divide the house" between them. Here the annoyances they practise are intolerable. If one plays the flute the other attempts a different air upon the piano. If one dances the other sings; at length Mrs. Penninother invites four female friends, who come in the disguise of officers, drinking, smoking, and dancing, until the house is turned out of its window; At last the twain reach such a climax of unhappiness that they both simulate suicide, and on a subsequent meeting they each imagine they see a ghost. This is a capital scene, and would make a stoic laugh. After the various alternations of terror, recrimination and repentance, they discover their mistake, and fly into each other's arms, resolving in future to make individual happiness dependent upon their mutual bliss. The acting throughout was of the richest kind, and far beyond what is usually bestowed upon materials of such small pretensions. Mr. Keeley and his little wife were both called before the curtain, and thus stamped the complete success of the production. *Separate Maintenance* has been followed by another production, entitled *The Trumpeter's Wedding*, which was stated to be from the pen of Mr. Morton; but by an angry letter from a Parisian author, we find that it is a literal version from the French. Now we have no more objection to the importation of French pieces than we have to that of French brandy; but we do say that we are entitled to be told whether what we consume be foreign or native, and a reform in this respect is one amongst the many most wanted at the Haymarket—not that it is of much consequence which country produced *The Trumpeter's Wedding*, as it will not add a leaf to the bays of either. To go into the plot is therefore unnecessary, particularly as the sentiments of the audience were divided respecting its claim to favour. Speaking of reform, will Mr. Webster reform the "order" system? We entered the theatre with one not admissible after seven o'clock, and found ourselves in the midst of an army of good-tempered people, but not quite so good-mannered, who pushed and squeezed like the gallery mob on a Jenny-Lind-night at the opera; to the disarrangement of our favourite "Nicolls" and the brufflement of the smooth surface of lawn that covered our breast, fittingly emblematic of the purity of criticism. The rush in fact was tremendous; we "could have hugged the greasy rogues" had we heard them chink the California as they rushed to the *mêlée*, but the quiet rustle of paper above met our ears, and made us sigh to discover that the manager had been compelled to resort to such means to give even the semblance of good houses under his peculiar system. Mr. Webster is of course at liberty to fill his theatre with orders; but we wish, for our own sake, he would "manage" to provide a means of ingress without hazarding a dislocated rib. Now the production of one or two new farces may be all very well, but it is not sufficient. The state of the houses on the off-nights of Mr. and Mrs. Kean prove that they are the props and mainstays of the Haymarket Theatre; and we call upon them, as the heads of the legitimate stage, to exert that influence which they ought and must possess with Mr. Webster, to induce him to produce some really-valuable and well-written novelties. This would give them an opportunity of developing new powers, and opening veins in the rich mines of their genius as yet unexplored.

### ST. JAMES'S.—OPERA COMIQUE.

The still perpetuated gloom of Lent appears to deaden all dramatic exertion, even in this popular place of entertainment. A new opera, by Auber, entitled *Acteon*, did not please; and since then *The Crown Diamonds*, in its original dress, has been tried with better effect. It will be recollected that Madame Thillon, some seasons since, made a marked sensation at the Princess's as La Catarina; but she is far excelled by Mdle. Charton, who played it on the occasion of her benefit, which was the last night but four of her engagement. The mingled dignity, sweetness, and sportiveness of her acting was beyond all praise; and her interpretation of Auber's lively and characteristic strains highly delighted her audience. Couderc's Don Henrique was equal in point of excellence; while the Rebollo of M. Bugnet was truly admirable. Indeed, the opera throughout was played and sung with excellent spirit; much praise being due to the Comte de Campo of M. Chateaufort, the Diana of Mdle. Guichard, and the Don Sebastian of M. Boyer. In addition to the pieces mentioned, we have witnessed *La Prima Donna* and *La Double Echelle*, both excellently supported. The attendance through the month has been good; but this is no more than what might be expected from the perfect manner in which Mr. Mitchell fulfils the task he has undertaken, of enabling the public to witness the French Opera Comique in its fidelity without crossing the Channel. We

entered in our last rather elaborately upon this question, and we refer the reader to our remarks upon the subject. England is certainly a favoured country, to enjoy, as it does, every national privilege of other lands worthy of notice. Not a flower, not a fruit, not an art, but is here to be gained in perfection. Two years ago the French Opera was about the only thing wanting; and this Mr. Mitchell has now given us. Many thanks to him.

### SURREY.

It is the fate of dynasties to change, and the theatrical world is not exempt from the common destiny. Of this the Surrey Theatre has recently given evidence. Two heads, it is said, are better than one; but when a third interferes there is often sad work made of it. When Mr. Shepherd and Miss Vincent joined in the leaseholdship of the above theatre, we augured favourably; the first being an actor of eminence, and a manager of long standing and judgment. With respect to the lady, we had no great faith in her managerial abilities; but we relied upon her popularity, and the happy art with which she had long rendered a peculiar class of characters her own. We forgot, however, that the fair histrionic had long been guided by other counsels than her own: and that, however legitimate might have been the intentions of Mr. Shepherd, there was every probability of their becoming vitiated by the *Coboury* school, which the manager of a rival establishment has contrived to introduce into almost every theatre, from Norton Folgate to Covent Garden. Such has, unhappily, proved too true; and while Mr. Shepherd was doing his best to elevate the Surrey Theatre, those who should have joined him, hand and heart, were seeking to degrade it. The result was a split in the cabinet, and an eventual arrangement by which Mr. Shepherd was left sole lessee. Thrown upon his own resources without due preparation, he was fain to produce the first novelty he could lay his hands upon. This was entitled *The Old House on the Thames*; or, *Lambeth in the Olden Time*; but its production only served to confirm him in his preconceived opinions, that nothing but sterling merit would avail a theatre of such importance regarding both size and locality. Impressed with this conviction, he at once threw his melodrama overboard, and betook himself to the legitimate for a few closing nights; producing *Othello* and other stock plays very effectively. We have seen the master tragedy of Shakspeare so often recently that our taste has become fastidious with regard to the acting; and yet we can affirm that we have seldom sat it out with greater pleasure than on the occasion of seeing it at the Surrey. Mr. Mead, a gentleman from the provinces, enacted the Moor in a manner that proved him to be an acquisition to the Metropolis. Mr. Shepherd's Cassio is one of that gentleman's best assumptions; while the Desdemona of Madame Ponisi is second only to that we have witnessed in larger theatres. These were relieved by the farces of *Binks the Bagman*, *Jinks the Gent*, and the popular drama of *The Poisoner of France*; or, *The Fatal Brand*, supported by the entire strength of the company. He will now defer the production of anything new until Easter, when it is, as he announces, his intention of seriously devoting himself to the carrying out of all the arrangements formerly contemplated for the production of historical and other dramas in a style equal to that which so highly distinguishes the Porte St. Martin, Paris. The time-famous pantomime of *Mother Goose* will be revived for the occasion, and T. Matthews has already been engaged to wear the mantle of Grimaldi, as Clown. Several new and important engagements have been entered into; and if Mr. Shepherd be only allowed fair play, we have not the least doubt that by his unshackled exertions he will be enabled to make his theatre vie with its best days. The mere attempt on his part will be meritorious, and the public are too liberal not to support him.

### MARYLEBONE.

There are certain periods of the season when it appears to be a conventional custom with the managers of theatrical establishments to withhold the production of any startling novelty until the arrival of a period that from time immemorial has been considered most propitious to the interests of the stage. Such is always the case before Christmas, and again at Easter; and as Mr. Watts has his hands full in preparation for the holiday entertainments, he has been contented during the past month to rely upon the substantial bill of fare that had previously proved so highly attractive. That he was judicious in his judgment has been testified by the continued excellence of the houses; and if he can ave-

rage the same amount of business throughout the year, he may consider himself a fortunate manager. He has not, however, entirely relied upon an unchanged bill; for though *The Dream of Life* has maintained its position, and Mr. Barnett continued his career during the first fortnight in his inimitable assumption of Monsieur Jacques, we were favoured during the third week with a revival of *Mary Tudor*; or, *the Heart of a Queen*, which proved as attractive as could have been wished, Miss Fanny Vining and Mrs. Mowatt both sustaining their well-earned reputation in the piece. The truly-laughable farce of *The Station House* was likewise produced, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Barnett to the Marylebone audience in his popular character of *Millstear*. Our sentiments of his assumption were fully and favourably recorded when he played the part at the Olympic. We have, therefore, nothing to add, save that he appears, if possible, to have improved.

On Monday last Mrs. Mowatt's play of *Armand* was again put upon the stage, and we were agreeably surprised to find that it had lost none of its attractions. This is doubtless owing to the new prestige it has received in consequence of the munificent gift bestowed upon Mrs. Mowatt by Mr. Watts, in testimony to her acquirements both as authoress and actress. Truly, with all its faults, England cannot be termed a jealous nation; and whatever may be asserted respecting it on the other side of the Atlantic, the experience of those who visit our shores must prove a speedy silencer of calumny. All will recollect our reception of Miss Cushman; and though Forrest was not satisfied, he could not deny that we afforded him a fair hearing. Rice, the renowned "Jim Crow," made a fortune amongst us, and so did the nigger melodists. Hackett and others were equally successful. Then came Mrs. Mowatt and Davenport. Lastly, we support two American panoramas, to which multitudes are flocking twice a day. Since, therefore, brother Jonathan is so attractive we commend Mr. Watts for thus catering for the public taste; and we trust that in the ensuing Easter novelties he will be found to continue the same judgment and spirit of liberality with increased success.

## ASTLEY'S.

### THE YOUNG HERNANDEZ.

Nothing can be more true than the looker-on of a game sees more than the players. Hence the value of the critic. Did the general of an army fight in the ranks he would be useless as a commander. His proper place is an elevated spot, where he can calmly view the scene of action, and detect the blunders of his fighting captains, so as to avert mischance. It is exactly thus with the leaders of the press with respect to the drama. They stand aloof, but see more than those engaged; and hence it is that the prosperity and adversity of a theatrical establishment is always in a ratio according to the amount of attention it accords to the voice of the press. A more palpable example we do not remember than in a recent instance furnished by Astley's Amphitheatre, of which it may have been remarked we have been compelled, in our last few numbers, to speak in no measured terms of dispraise. We have denounced its system of perpetuating the species of dramatic trash with which its stage has of late years been degraded; we have warned it, as well as other theatres, that without the introduction of well-written pieces and endurable actors, the advanced taste of the age will no longer tolerate its rubbish; and we have further pointed out the meagreness of its performances in the ring, and the mediocrity of talent in its professors. Still month after month has Mr. Batty turned a deaf ear to our friendly counsels, and the result has been, as we predicted, "a beggarly account of empty boxes." At length, we presume, a hint from the treasurer has had an effect that might have been vainly anticipated from well-meant advice; and Mr. Batty has actually engaged an equestrian who is a true *artiste*, and one not only worth seeing, but such as, perhaps, the world may never see again. This is an age in which it appears as if we were destined to witness first-rate specimens in everything—from the engineer who connects nations with a span, to the songstress who elevates the soul to Heaven, down to the equestrian who, in his leaps and daring, appears emulous of appearing a creature of the air. The rider of whom we speak is an instance of this. We of course allude to the young American, Hernandez. Ducrow would have worshipped him. Such grace, such beauty, such temerity, were never before witnessed. His is not the clumsy performance of a tumbler on horseback, but the classical display of the true powers of man. He shows us of what Nature has made us capable; teaches us what strength, activity, and gracefulness we have the means of calling into action; and proves to his fellow-beings, for the first time, that the leap of the antelope, the spring of the tiger, and



the swoop of the bird of prey, are nothing to what can be effected by even a youth, so as his eye be steady and his heart courageous. Such an exhibition ought to call a thousand gymnasiums into existence. Accident after accident occurs each hour for want of that nerve and dexterity which, though we possess, is seldom, if ever, brought into development by our present mode of physical education. For the distortions of limb exhibited by mountebanks we have a supreme contempt; but he who teaches us the true powers and value of our nerves, sinews, and joints by his own example, is a preceptor whose value gives dignity to his art. Such is Hernandez. We shall not attempt to describe his evolutions; as well might Claudet endeavour to *Daguerreotype* a flash of lightning. The eye can scarcely follow his movements, nor the judgment conceive how they are effected. He is like a shuttlecock, requiring but a touch to mount into the air and there spin for a minute before he drops to receive another impetus. The horse can scarcely judge of his weight, for he does nothing on the saddle; all he executes is up above, and while his steed is making the circuit of the ring, Young Hernandez is studying the poetry of motion in the air. His foot caught the other night against a strip of canvass, which some bungler was holding unsteadily, the consequence was that his ankle turned, and he pitched from a height of about fifteen feet to the ground. On went the courser, but the elastic youth was quicker still, for though—to employ a familiar expression—he “rolled all of a heap,” he actually rebounded like a ball of india-rubber into the air, and launching upwards thrice the height of his horse, alighted on one foot on the saddle, and then, without the pause of a moment, leaped over three extended flags, and once more reached the saddle in the same position. The incident was unprecedented, and highly dramatic in effect; at his fall a shriek of horror rang through the house; the next moment every being was breathless—every eye followed his demi-circuit of the ring in bewilderment and amazement—but when they saw him—soiled and disordered as was his appearance—dart with a laugh of triumph several feet higher than he had yet risen, there then burst forth that irrepressible thunder of enthusiasm which even the coldest cannot restrain at the sight of danger dared, and danger dauntlessly vanquished. Every fibre in his frame must have been shaken, and yet the gallant boy went through the whole of his performances, proving to conviction that English pluck is thoroughly inherited by American blood. Now with such a phenomenon most managers would make a fortune. Mr. Batty, however, adopts the precaution of securing half a loaf in preference to striving for whole bread. As an attraction, at first price, he still runs the miserably-inflated production of *Corasco*, and the consequence is that an audience of some hundred and fifty persons are the only spectators. This may, however, be for the purpose of ventilating the house against the arrival of half-price, for no sooner does the time approach at which Hernandez is to appear, than the Amphitheatre becomes choked, scarcely room being obtainable. Why not offer equal attraction for the first part of the evening? But, no: a system of management has been established, and nothing but the severest loss will produce a reform. The young American is the only real attraction to the place, and should he secede its walls must become literally deserted.

## WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

Mr. Stammers deserves well of the public, for re-creating a taste for the music of old, and grafting upon that an appreciation of modern compositions. The success that attended his series of fifteen concerts induced him, as we last month specified, to undertake a supplementary course, and of these four have gone off with increased *coldts*. The *resumé* of Wednesday last was one of the most perfect yet given, and from the number of *encores* was prolonged to an extremely late hour. It was the last time of Thalberg's appearance in London, previous to his departure for Vienna; and there were, moreover, other attractions of a high character. The accomplished pianist selected for the occasion the *Masaniello* and *Norma* fantasias, both of which he performed with that brilliant and executive perfection which we despair of ever hearing equalled. The first piece was *encored*, and he substituted a selection from *Don Pasquale*, including the popular serenade. The operatic selections of the evening were from *Lucia*, in which Mademoiselle Nissen interpreted the opening cavatina with excellent effect. One of the attractions of the evening was another song by *Angelina*, whose "Solitude," "Fish of the Rhine," &c., have met with such marked success. The present composition was set to words entitled "Sweeter vow was never spoken," written by Shirley Brooks, and containing far superior merits to those of ordinary lyrics. That the reader may judge, we append them:—

"Sweeter vow was never spoken,  
Then that faithless vow of thine;  
Truer heart was never broken,  
False one, than this heart of mine.  
I had paid thy best devotion,  
Not with homage—idler's plight,  
But with love as deep as ocean,  
And with truth as pure as light.

"Fare thee well, tho' I might linger,  
Fearless now of greater woe;  
'Twere not well the worldling's finger  
Mark'd the hand that struck the blow;  
So we part—nor deem I leave thee,  
Curse or hate—despair is dumb;  
Not one word I breathe to grieve thee,  
But be sure the day will come."

Mr. Sims Reeves undertook the interpretation, and excelled himself on the occasion. The music is surpassingly sweet and expressive. It would tell its tale without a syllable, and is calculated to become as popular in the *boudoir* as in the concert-room. It was rapturously *encored*, as were the other three songs executed by Mr. Reeves. Mrs. A. Newton and Master Sloman were likewise *encored* in "My pretty Page," and Viotti Collins, in a violin solo, was received with the same degree of favour. If Mr. Stammers does not give a second edition of his supplement, when the present one is concluded, we think he will be blind to his own interest. With such names as Sims Reeves, Thalberg, the Misses Lucombe, Birch, Poole, Nelson, and others, he combines a host of attraction not to be surpassed in any other concert.

# THE EXHIBITIONS.

---

## PROFESSOR RISLEY'S GIGANTIC AMERICAN PANORAMA.

GRAND AMERICAN HALL, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

An "event" in pictorial history transpired at the beginning of last week which will no doubt prove the precursor of a new era in art. We allude to the portrayal of a vast range of scenery on an adequate extent of canvass, so as to produce the vivid impression of reality. This has been effected by Mr. John R. Smith, an American artist, who has accomplished the gigantic undertaking of tracing the entire course of the Mississippi from its birth at the Falls of St. Anthony to its union with the ocean at the Gulf of Mexico. There are few who have not been rendered familiar by the traveller and the novelist with the wild and boundless scenes which stretch from the shores of this "father of rivers," and the consequence is that a desire has been engendered to view them far more powerful than even the wish to visit spots celebrated in history. Aware of this, the artist had a public-spirited motive for his enterprise, and in thus devoting his time, his talents, and his means, to the gratification of a wide-extended requisition, he has conferred a benefit upon the world which cannot be too liberally reciprocated.

We attended the private view on Saturday last, and found ourselves surrounded by the first judges of art in the Metropolis. The place has been fitted up with every attention to elegance and comfort. Surmounting the entrance is an enormous American eagle, formed of gas-pipe, and which, when illuminated, has a tasteful and attractive effect. The interior more than answers the expectations raised by the exterior, and is fitted up in a style of chastened splendour that could only have been dictated by the most cultivated taste. The entire area forms one sloping gallery, from every portion of which the most perfect view can be obtained. Every seat is cushioned, and the exhibition is witnessed in a state of the most perfect ease and comfort. Adjoining the hall there are refreshment rooms, in which the lapses between the sections may be agreeably spent, and visitors thus enabled to blend creature with intellectual enjoyments. The recess behind which the panorama glides is ingeniously contrived to aid the perspective, and its proscenium is lined with a dark fabric that relieves the eye, and forms a well-devised contrast with the object of attraction. A black curtain hides the painting from sight until the proper moment, and when it is drawn aside we feel as if the wand of an enchanter had suddenly transported us to the window of some enormous steam-boat, floating before the Falls of St. Anthony. The transition is so sudden and the effect so real that the other senses are cheated into becoming accessories to the delusion, and we almost fancy we hear the rush of waters, and feel the fanning of the breeze raised by the commotion. Characteristic music also aids the whole, and a spell is established over the mind that lasts throughout the exhibition. Were we to describe its progress from beginning to end it would be necessary to re-print the entire catalogue; we shall, therefore, prefer confining ourselves to the phases rather than the features of the scenery past which we are borne, and will only pause to individualise objects possessing peculiarity of interest. The Falls of St. Anthony are on the west bank of the mouth of the Ohio, and are situated in what is termed the Corn Region, which supplies a large portion of the States with agricultural produce. They are three hundred miles from the sources of the river, and present a picture of uncivilised life to the civilised spectator which he would have to travel four thousand miles to witness in reality. Indians are spearing salmon; creatures known only through the medium of natural history are familiarly sporting on land and in water, and we behold the impassable limits of steam navigation on those floods. From here we pass to Fort Snelling, Lake Pepin, the Dog Prairie, Dubuque, and Galena, until we reach the great Rolling Prairies of Illinois. These are a succession of hills and plains which stretch four hundred miles across the country, and boast of the richest soil in the world. The artist has here conveyed the idea of vastness with a consummate hand. All is grandeur and magnitude, and the effect is rendered almost magical by the introduction, in the centre of the gigantic solitude, of an isolated post-office in a log cabin with a stage-coach

changing horses. The effect of this speck of civilisation in the very heart of Nature's wilds is electrical, and imparts that feeling which only those experience who alight upon a home after tracking a desert. After having passed the Black Hawk Hills and Rock River we get into the Rapids, and at length arrive at Nauvoo, a Mormon city and settlement, now deserted. We here see the celebrated Temple, by Joe Smith, and learn in the history of its destruction by fire the insecurity of all human works. It appears that the thievish propensities of the Mormons occasioned them to be driven from this place; the population amounted to eighteen thousand.

Several views of enormous steamers are next presented, and we then enter the mouth of the Missouri—a thousand miles longer than the Mississippi. A party of emigrants is seen encamped for the night, and cooking their evening meal. Twenty miles below is the Levee of St. Louis, containing a population of twenty thousand souls. From thence we pass innumerable objects of interest until we reach the termination of the great Rocky Bluffs, which present such peculiar and beautiful features of the voyage. The second section now commences; and, turning to the east bank, we track the cotton region from the mouth of the Ohio to Natchez. This part of the view commences with a longitudinal section of a steamer, fifty feet long on the Panorama, and affording a view of the entire interior. The two principal features of this part of the exhibition are a moonlight view of the steamer Saladin, and a terrific explosion of the General Brown steam-boat—both depicted with beautiful and terrible fidelity. They elicited loud and rapturous applause. The third section, still pursuing the east bank, travels through the sugar region, from Natchez to the Balize, Gulf of Mexico, whence we are conducted to the burning of the steamer Ben Sherrod. This appalling calamity occurred in 1837, and forms one of the most magnificent views in the series. The applause it elicited lasted for several minutes. Moonlight and flame are contrasted in awful reality, and an effect is produced no pen can describe. From this point all is full of interest to the Gulf of Mexico, where the Panorama ends, after occupying nearly three hours in exhibition. As we before said, the work is an era in art, and must prove popular. Since its opening the hall has been literally crammed with visitors, who all expressed themselves instructed as well as delighted by the view. It is right we should add that to Professor Risley we are indebted for this important work. That gentleman is already favourably known to fame, as having introduced young Hernandez and his own wonderful sons to public notice; but in the present instance he is pre-eminently distinguished. He found Mr. Smith, the artist, a struggling man, and held forth the fostering hand to his genius. Mr. Smith had before painted and exhibited a Panorama of the same description, but which a few years ago was destroyed by fire, and he was left with interrupted hopes to view an empty palette, without the means of renewing his great work. As we have just stated, Professor Risley proved his friend on the occasion, and thus once more laid society under an obligation. We should have mentioned that Mr. Smith himself illustrates the exhibition by a lecture replete with information, incident, and interest. His delivery is good and quite characteristic, frequently occasioning a hearty laugh, and always commanding undivided attention. Whilst he is speaking the painting remains immovable, that he may be afforded the opportunity of pointing out the spots to which his remarks refer. When he ceases speaking a pianist accompanies the resumption of the movement with appropriate airs, well and sparkingly played.

## LITERARY MIRROR.

HAREBELL CHIMES, or Summer Memories and Musings. By A. J. Symington. London: Houlston and Stoneman. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh: 1849.

Among the various poetical compositions which have lately emanated from the press, we have felt much gratified by the perusal of Mr. Symington's elegant little volume. To a true love of humanity, and a hatred of oppression and tyranny, under whatever form they may appear, the author unites a mind fraught with pure and refined feelings, fully capable of appreciating and delineating all the beauties of nature and art; and with no feeble or unskilful hand does he sweep his lyre, his versatile genius boldly ranging from subject to subject. All the great men of by-gone ages, down to those of modern times, pass in review before us. How naturally and glowingly does he describe many of the scenes of Scotland—his fatherland!—those scenes

*"Where live our sires' heroic tale!  
Where each wild pass and wandering flood  
Was hallow'd by the patriot's blood."\**

How vividly does he bring to remembrance the classic poets of old—how clearly stand forth the masterly creations of Avon's bard! while the powerful and thrilling strains of the mighty masters of the harmonic art seem again to sound in our ear.

Sculpture and painting are also touched upon, and though we may not always quite agree with the author in his views respecting the merits of the modern followers of the pictorial art, yet they show the same power of versification.

From the translations we quote Upland's "Hostess's Little Daughter," as one of the most elegant versions we have yet seen of that sweet song.

### THE HOSTESS'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

There wander'd three students once over the Rhine,  
At their favourite hostess's entered they in.

"Good beer and good wine, our hostess have ye;  
And your fair little daughter, where may she be?"

"My beer and wine is brisk and clear,—  
My fair little daughter lies on her bier."

And when they now entered the room within,  
There lay she, low in a dark narrow shrine.

The first he the covering from her face raised,  
And with sorrowful look, he silently gazed.

"Ah! wert thou restored even now to me,  
Fair maiden, from this time forth I'd love thee!"

The second he folded close the shroud,  
And turning away, there wept he aloud:

"Ah! thou that liest upon the death-bier,  
In secret I've loved thee for many a year."

The third 'gain tenderly lifted the veil,  
And kissed her sweet lips,—ah, now so pale!

"Ever before, even now, dear to me,  
In Eternity, fair one, I still will love thee."†

\* Pringle's "Ephemerides."

† The above song, perhaps the most popular in Germany, has, besides its exquisite pathos, a political bearing, which it would not have been safe otherwise to express. The maid is Liberty—this is the key to the whole; and so viewed, the last verse is equivalent to Burns' "Let us do or die." A song of freedom: it is enthusiastically sung to the air known as the "Serenade Waltz," in all the student-chores and societies throughout the Fatherland.



After the above, our readers may not think the following flowret, from a fable by Schreiber, peeps forth unseasonably:—

#### THE EARLY VIOLET.

In March, when the first warm sunbeams were shed,  
There slipt, from the covering over it spread  
A sweet little violet, delicate thing!  
All joy in the new budding life of the spring.

But the snow still lay, with its sharp cold white,  
In the deep hollow glen—on the mountain height;  
And when the sun sank to his rest again,  
A westerly wind swept keen o'er the plain.

Then the violet droop'd its delicate head,  
The leaves shrank together, and weeping it said,  
"Ah, me! but a glimpse of the bright sunny sky,—  
Beginning to live!—so soon must I die!"

Then answered the Spirit who watches the flowers  
That dial with beauty the sweet summer hours:

"Why now, with thy tender and delicate life,  
Begin in the cold so unequal a strife?"

A weak race of tender and elegant form  
Must perish, alas! in the frost and the storm;  
But if thou wilt lay down, in the soft-fading light,  
Thy fair little head, with the breath of the night;

To the breast of thy mother, where sleeping remain  
Thy fair sister flowers, I will bear thee again;—  
Tempests and frosts pass away, do not mourn:  
Even life but withdraws itself new to return.

At Loch Lomond we could have lingered long, for the author by alluding to his ancestry conjured up a host of stirring remembrances of the warlike achievements of the days of old—of feuds and forays—of battle mounds and Border towers—of many of the doughty race of Douglas, who—

— "Where their pennons flew  
Mere mortal might could ne'er their arms subdue—"

of him who in single combat near Newcastle, previous to the battle of Otterburn, won the pennant,\* of the equally valorous Northumbrian, though Fortune smiled not upon him.

In a work where any slight blemishes are more than redeemed by its beauties, we could point out many passages of sterling merit, both in the "Walhalla of Memory," and in the fragment of "The Spirit of Beauty;" but our limits forbid—we therefore conclude with the hope that the "Chimes" of Mr. Symington may be heard afar, and sound long and sweetly in the ears of the public; and though we have but little faith in the perfectibility of man, we cordially unite with the author in his wish that the revolutionary convulsions which have of late swept strangely over the European world may be succeeded by a coming dawn of truth and peace.

- I. THE WESTERN WORLD, or Travels in the United States in 1846 and 1847. Including a Chapter on California. With a new Map of the United States and a Map of California. By Alexander Mackay, Esq. Bentley. 1849.
- II. FOUR MONTHS AMONG THE GOLD FINDERS IN ALTA-CALIFORNIA. Being the Diary of an Expedition from San Francisco to the Gold Districts. By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M. D. Bogue. 1849.
- III. WHAT I SAW IN CALIFORNIA. Being the Journal of a Tour by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California. By Edwin Bryant. Bentley. 1849.

\* We believe the pennant is still in possession of Douglas of Cavers, the lineal descendant of the chief by whom the battle of Otterburn was gained.

IV. EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA. California: its Situation and Resources. From Authentic Documents. With a few Practical Hints to Intending Emigrants. Letts, Son, and Steer, Royal Exchange. 1849.

Although it was the chapter on California which induced us to place Mr. Mackay's work at the head of these observations, yet its other claims upon our attention are such that they cannot be passed over. Few books of the kind have appeared during late years. It combines the interest and amusement of a lively narrative with the valuable information of a statistical work; containing, as it does, a complete though rapid view of the whole present condition of the United States, her laws, her executive administration, her civilisation, her resources, her commerce, her power, her cities, towns, villages, and agricultural districts, her railways and canals, her rivers, streams, forests, valleys, and mountains. When we say, therefore, that all this information is complete, or nearly so; that it is imparted in a pleasing and agreeable manner; and that the author varies his details with light sketches of American life, anecdotes, and lively pictures of the scenes to be witnessed in New York, Washington, and Boston, and that the whole is made complete by the introduction of a valuable and comprehensive chapter on the geography, position, extent, configuration, the resources, and present condition of California, we have said enough, we think, to create the impression in the reader's mind that Mr. Mackay has written a work of more than ordinary interest and utility. Those who have read it will, we are sure, agree with us; and to those who have not, our recommendation is to glance at the volume themselves, when it will be at once evident to them that our author is a traveller in the genuine sense of the word. He does not fly through the United States from one end to the other, along railways, up or down rivers, or along the highway—on the contrary, he pauses often, and describes the whole country in his neighbourhood; in fact, he presents us with a vast picture of America; and the plan of his work is so simple that we cannot fail to connect the various objects treated of, and mould them in our minds into one vast whole. Our author, after bringing us across the Atlantic, sets us down in Boston. Here he describes with graphic truth the scenes presented in the approaches to the town, the streets, the hotels, the shops, the wharfs, and quays, the shipping of all kinds, the public buildings, and places of common resort in that city, where the traveller immediately perceives the difference between English and American customs, and in none more so than in the Auberne Cemetery, described as a lovely spot, and far more civilised in appearance than the crowded English churchyards. From thence Mr. Alexander Mackay proceeded through the seaboard states, passed through those of the south and south-west, ascending the valley of the Mississippi, and proceeding along that of the Ohio to western New York by the valley of the Genessee to the Great Lakes, descended the St. Lawrence by the rapids, and sailing up Lake Champlain, and down the Hudson to New York, made his way once more to Boston, terminating his tour, after having thus made the circuit of the Union, at the point at which it commenced. We have thought it difficult to present the reader with a better account of Mr. Mackay's book than by thus quoting a few words from his introduction; and, as we before observed, having said this, and furthermore observing he has displayed the most praiseworthy perseverance and the highest ability in the performance of his task, we imagine no better compliment could be paid to the work. Mr. Mackay, when he commenced his book, was ambitious to render it one of lasting value, interest, and entertainment. He has succeeded to the utmost, we should think, of his wishes.

The chapter on California glances briefly at the geography, the general character, the productions, and the resources of that extraordinary region. The gold discoveries are described with accuracy, as are the relations existing between the country and the United States; and our author concludes his most valuable work with some brief speculations on the influence which will probably be exerted by these discoveries on the commerce of the various civilised nations in the world.

Turning from there to Mr. J. T. Brooks's volume, we are interested in the description of an exceedingly entertaining narrative of an expedition from San Francisco; the magnificent harbour of Alta California, the gold districts which are now thronged with such a multitude of the seekers of treasure. Entering the bay of San Francisco, he at once proceeded to the town; then started for Monterey, which he describes; and passing into the country, commences his adventurous journey by encamping for the night in a valley whose slopes were dotted with the tents of the adventurers. He describes with a graphic pen the various scenes and adventures which occurred in the course of his expedition; night bivouacs; the appearance of the gold country by day, when the hills and plains, and valleys, and ravines are dotted with countless white tents, and rude huts constructed of bushes and boughs, and a toiling multitude, something resembling in ap-

pearante those armies of slaves whom the ancient kings employed on the great monuments of Egypt, was labouring in the search for gold; marches by night and day across a peopled country, through desolate gorges, along pure and beautiful streams, up the slopes of woody hills, and amid dry wildernesses; encampments where the party joined in the digging for gold; the wild Indian tribes; the Mormon communities; encounters, hostile and otherwise, with the native tribes; skirmishes, escapes, pursuits, and adventures of the wildest and most novel character; all these crowd into the narrative, and serve to render it one of the most interesting which we ever remember to have perused. The abundance, originality, and curious nature of the details which fill the volume, will render it interesting to every reader. While such a narrative of real adventures is published, we need no books of fiction for excitement and amusement. Mr. J. Tyrwhitt Brooks is not a stiff traveller, who makes the tour to California merely for the purpose of observing and describing the aspect under which it appears during the golden years. He did not go for the purpose only of writing a book; he mingled among those he describes; he dug for the precious metals, carried the impregnated earth in a tin pan, and wearied his arms with the labours of scraping, delving, and washing. He, too, was rewarded with his gains; and we sympathise not a little with him when his toil is repaid with a lump of the precious metal of unusual size. From such a man, whose courage and decision led him into the midst of many dangers, and served to extricate him from them, the reader can expect nothing less than a relation of wild and stirring interest; and he will not be disappointed. Adventures of no common sort occurred to Mr. Brooks. More than once was he engaged in deadly conflict with the wild Indian marauders. A companion of our author dashed out the brains of one of the ferocious warriors with a mattock, and more than one of them fell pierced by a bullet from the narrator's rifle. All this is described with much vigour and ability, whilst the amount of information respecting the country, its inhabitants, the resources and value of the gold districts, the method of producing the treasure, and the probable extent to which it may be obtained, adds not a little to the importance and value of the work. Our readers will find it a most interesting and curious narrative.

Mr. Edwin Bryant's work, although written previously to the discovery of the golden regions, will be found of peculiar interest by those whose object it is to acquire a correct knowledge of the state of the country, its history, its civilisation, its progress, its commerce, and its natural resources, as developed before the late excitement was awakened. It is not uncommon to compare works of this class with "*The Bible in Spain*," of Borrow. To none other could the present be so justly compared. The interest of this work has passed into a proverb; and the entertainment and information to be derived from the one before us entitles it to no less a degree of public attention. Mr. Brooks's volume was necessarily slight, being the result of only four months' experience; but the present is of a more standard nature. It describes a journey from Louisville, along the track of the Santa Fé caravans across the Blue Prairies, over the magnificent sweep of land, flourishing with the loveliest vegetation, and alive with population and cattle herds, until leaving the Santa Fé trail, and striking off towards the Karesa river, where a ruined Indian town affords room for conjecture and thought. Ferrying the Blue River, and entering the country of the Paunee Indians, the party entered, and kept on its course, until crossing the Great Salt Desert, and, in fact, passing through a succession of country so varied, peopled by such strange tribes, and presenting so many different aspects, that our author seemed at every step to enter upon a new world, the travellers at length entered within the limits of Alta California. But it would be impossible within our limits to afford our readers any idea of the merits of this extraordinary work of travel, which, cheap as it is, and placed within the reach of almost every reader, is by far the most interesting of any which have been published concerning the wild, but beautiful regions of California, where every variety of attraction is presented to the traveller's eye. Scenery of the loveliest description, of cultivated lands of the most most fertile nature—picturesque forests, lakes, and valleys—towns, villages, hamlets, and solitary huts, with encampments, and groups of Indians, with no roof but heaven, no comfort but a blazing fire, indicated the several stages of progress to which the people of California had arrived. All of these, from the commodious and comfortable dwelling-house to the night bivouac amongst the mountains of the Sierra, afford materials of interest; and Mr. Bryant has depicted them, and indeed almost everything else connected with his subject, with a graphic and able pen.

The anonymous pamphlet published by Messrs. Letts, Son, and Steer, will be found of great value by those who wish to study this subject in a practical point of view—we mean those to whom the idea of emigration to California has occurred. The writer adds no colouring to his plain statement of the capabilities, the production, and the pros.

pects of this curious country. He commences by saying that it is with no wish to encourage wild or extravagant adventure that he addresses his observations to the public, but rather with a view to lay before that public a clear and sober view of the case. He then goes on to describe the geographical situation, the extent, and the resources of California, its rivers, harbours, towns, cities, and villages—presents us with an account of its manufactures, of the character and quality of the live stock reared; and then presents us with a sketch of Captain Sutter's station at New Helvetia. Having thus glanced at those portions of the subject which the public at present regards as of most importance, he proceeds to show to what extent gold is found—what new impulse has been given by the discovery—how the metal is to be most easily obtained—where it exists in the greatest plenty, and what obstacles exist to the steady production of the labour of digging, washing, and sifting. He then describes the aspect of the place as it appears at present, when the gold finders are swarming in all directions, and proceeds to enumerate instances in which the searchers have been rewarded with the most extraordinary success. Altogether the pamphlet is of a most interesting and valuable character. It will, no doubt, be well circulated, for it forms a compendium of information on this now all-engrossing topic. We recommend it to the attention of those who wish to form a just and complete idea of the capabilities and resources of that newly-discovered El Dorado, whose golden treasures have excited the interest of all Europe, America, and a large portion of the rest of the world.

---

## OUR MUSICAL REVIEW.

---

A. W. HAMMOND.

**JESSY LYNE.** Words by Anne A. Freemont. Music by William Ball.—This is a composition of rather singular character in C, and calculated to agreeably diversify an evening at the piano. It seems intended as song and chorus, for after several bars of solo, the music branches off into a part arranged for three voices; which, considering the character of the words, has an effect more ludicrous than otherwise. We cannot imagine of what the composer could have been thinking in thus violating common sense; he surely does not imply that three persons at once are in love with Jessy Lyne! If not, what does he mean in making three voices join in exclaiming—

“Dear Jessy Lyne! loved Jessy Lyne!  
You know not of my love for thee!  
Which 'mid life's rude storms I kept  
Like pearl beneath the sea?”

From the specimen quoted, the reader will be enabled to form his own judgment of the words. The quatrain above, it will be seen, consists entirely of monosyllables, with the exception of the two dissyllables “Jessy,” and “beneath;” and we should feel inclined to recommend it as a monosyllabic lesson in a child's primer, but for the reprehensible manner in which the verbs are confounded to the outrage of good grammar. In the first verse the author has given an aspirate to the word “humble;” the song, therefore, must be revised and have a second edition, ere we can recommend it to young ladies of education.

**I MOURN THEE IN SILENCE.** Words and Music by George Linley.—This is in C 3-4 time, and a charming little composition it is. The author and composer is well known for his merits in both departments, and is by no means likely to injure his laurels by the work before us.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.

**BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN C.** The rare and the excellent are only rendered exclusive by high cost; we are, therefore, always delighted when the gems of art and intellect are offered at a reasonable price, as we know that they then become accessible to the whole of the community, and create a new impetus to the advance of social improvement. One of the best attempts to render the scarce and heavily-charged works of genius familiar to the multitude is the one before us. It is a publication in sixpenny numbers of the whole of the music of Beethoven's celebrated Mass in C, for four solo voices and chorus,

with an accompaniment for the organ and pianoforte. Three numbers have already appeared, and are beautifully and correctly printed. We congratulate the whole country on this opportunity of becoming acquainted with a work of so ennobling and refining a nature.

**D'ALMAINE and Co.'s ROYAL STANDARD INSTRUCTION BOOK FOR THE VIOLIN.**—This is a collection of exercises from Spohr's great work, which has too long commanded the admiration of professors to need any eulogium here. It is handsomely got up, and contains a general view of the elements of music, the principles of the major and minor scales and chorus, with numerous exercises and a selection of classical and popular melodies and duets, and the rules and examples for tune, bowing, and fingering, given in the celebrated "Violin School" of Spohr. We recommend it to all violinists.

**OBBERON POLKAS.** Arranged for the Pianoforte by Herr Krönin. These are a series of polkas from Loder's opera of *Robin Goodfellow*, and are highly suited for enlivening the ball-room. They possess a joyous sparkling character that will doubtless recommend them to extensive popularity.

**THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.** John P. Barnett.—This is a dashing, bold melody, united to stirring words; but we doubt if the composer will find singers to "jodle" as high as the upper portion of the voice part of the melody, which is intended as either a song or duet. The title-page is quite a curiosity, being illustrated with a series of designs executed in lithograph, and detailing, as it appears to us, the progress of a hunter; but the impression is so faint that we cannot make it out.

#### ADDISON.

**SEQUEL TO BENEDICT'S PIANO-FORTE TUTOR.**—We last month expressed our opinion respecting "The Piano-forte Tutor," by Benedict; and we have now before us a Sequel, which will be found a most valuable addenda to the work in question. Unlike the usual instruction-books put into the hands of pianists, its lessons do not consist of commonplace selections, but comprise the best works of those musicians who have acquired celebrity as writers for the piano-forte, the orchestra, or the stage. These extracts are given with a view of making the student acquainted with the various styles of different composers, and are progressively arranged and so methodised as to involve a thorough practice of all the keys, major and minor. The work is adapted to every degree of proficiency, and may be usefully practised simultaneously with the instruction-book—to which it forms an appropriate and essential companion. The lessons consist of Weber's "Volkaliel;" Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées," a "Romance" of Hummel's; the well-known Swedish air sung by Jenny Lind; a song by Mendelssohn; a capriccio, by Henry Herz; and, in short, selections from every composer of eminence. We have only to add, in conclusion, that every person wishing to acquire proficiency as a performer on the piano-forte should be provided with this invaluable book.

#### C. JEFFERYS.

**LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.** Words by Charles Jeffreys. Music by Stephen Glover. This curious composition appears to be a medley of reminiscences, containing about half a dozen melodies in six different keys. The illustrated frontispiece is, however, worth all the cost of the song. It is a full length of Little Red Riding-Hood, printed in colours, and beautifully embodies our olden conceptions of the little heroine. The composer suggests that as the ballad contains several melodies, portions should be delivered by different singers for the purpose of producing a dramatic effect. The theme is the well-known conversation between Little Red Riding-Hood and the Wolf, when feigning to be her "Grandmother." The stanzas have been put together with great ability, and are well calculated, if sung as the composer suggests, to afford an agreeable variety to the evening "concert at home" of musical families.

**THE STAR AND FLOWER DUET.** Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by Stephen Glover.—This is a vocal duet in E flat, the melody of which is sparkling and sprightly. Though the modulations are not particularly novel, they adhere closely to the original key and dominant. The words are exceedingly beautiful, and not without novelty; they represent a conversation between a flower and a star, each desirous of the other's lot. The title-page is elegantly embossed, and printed in letters of gold. An appearance so *distingue* must recommend it to the instruments of all ladies who delight in pleasing the eye as well as gratifying the ear.

**WHERE SHALL WE WANDER, SISTER MINE? TELL US, OH! TELL US, WHERE SHALL WE FIND? THE EVENING BREEZE.**—These are three other vocal duets by the same



author and composer. The melody is well voiced, and of a pleasing character, with no particular novelty to recommend it, as we are reminded in its progress of the music of "Long, long ago." The words are pretty, and calculated to assist in riveting family ties. The second is a duet on the subject of friendship, and is in the key of D. The little bits of solo for the single voices are effective. We like the words, and have listened to the composition with pleasure. The third is, perhaps, the best of the three, but the besetting sin of the composer is want of originality. There is too much sameness in what he does, and too little respect for the ideas of others. Were he to strike out a new path for himself, and devote his powers to the production of something really original, he would doubtless give the world something worth acceptance; but in the strains he now offers we find such repetitions of thought that the whole of his works appear but as one extended composition.

#### EWER AND CO.

**ADMIRER MOVEMENTS FROM "ELIJAH."**—This is a selection which every family should possess. It consists of the admired movements from Mendelssohn's masterly oratorio of *Elijah*, and which have been arranged by W. H. Calcott, as solos and duets for the pianoforte, with flute, violin, and violoncello *ad lib.* The series commences with the well-known aria, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me," and is followed by the double quartette, "For He shall give his angels charge over thee." To this succeeds the solo, "Lord God of Abraham," and the terzetto, "Lift thine eyes." The fifth introduction is the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord;" and the sixth, the chorus, "Baal, we cry to thee;" which we think might have been arranged more effectively for the piano, as might the chorus, "Be not afraid." The aria, "O, rest in the Lord," is beautifully arranged; and the entire work may be recommended as a valuable acquisition to the musical library.

**THE SERENADE. THE WATER-LILY.** Charles Edward Horsley. These are two songs from the German, with pianoforte and violoncello or tenor accompaniments. The first is a charming composition in E flat, and is replete with that grace and elegance which characterise all the compositions of Mr. Horsley. The flowing and undulating accompaniment has a most delightful effect; and were the production performed beneath a Venetian balcony, we would not answer for its effect upon the heart of the fair listener. The harmonies throughout are striking, and the modulation into its relative minor, returning through the key of D to the original, E flat, produces a most happy effect. The enjoyment of the song is considerably enhanced when accompanied by the violoncello, as all the parts glide so smoothly together.

THE WATER LILY is in A minor, 6-8 time. It is a graceful composition, but falls short of "The Serenade." The words are uncommonly sweet, and, like most German poetry, are imbued with originality of thought. The working up of the song is impassioned and expressive of feeling; we have no doubt that both compositions will be extensively popular.

**TWELVE FANTASIAS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.** Ferdinand Beyer.—This work comprises a selection of six melodies from the German, which cannot fail to be popular. These consist of Gungl's "Krieger's Lust March," Proch's "Return to the Alps," and "Wieder-sehn," Kücken's "O wert thou but my own love," Reissiger's "Moorish Minstrel," and Curschmann's "Thine is my heart." They are most effectively arranged, and care has been taken not to present any insurmountable difficulties to the pianist. The original words are well known to the musical public, and have already rendered the airs popular. If the remaining six, which we presume are yet to appear, present the attractions of those before us, the series will be one of the most successful yet published. Mr. Beyer deserves well for his talent, and we doubt not is destined to achieve the highest musical honours.

**MENDELSSOHN'S MUSIC TO RACINE'S "ATHALIE."**—This sublime work is a boon to the public, and must prove extensively popular; but the book reached us so late that we are unable to do it the justice it deserves, and will consequently defer a notice until our next.